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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Price of Books

SOMETHING should be said emphatically and immediately about the price of books. Everyone wants the price of books to go down. Everyone expects the price of books to follow the curve of other commodities, and if this continues downward, everyone will expect to purchase a new novel for some such price as it brought in 1900 or 1915. All readers hope for a reduction. Why not now?

The price of many books has come down. Books which sold at $5.00 are now generally priced at $3.50 or $4.00, a 20% to 30% drop. But this affects only the non-fiction field where there was a sufficient margin of profit, and does not touch what might be called standard new novels, or other books published so as to be sold at from $2.00 to $2.50.

The problem here is far more difficult, and a few facts well known to the trade should be known also to the restless public who want books but want them cheaper.

In the first place, and this statement cannot be too strongly stressed, it is not true that drug store and bargain windows stuffed with "remainders" reduced from $5.00 to $1.00, to $.49, prove that new books are too high in price. A "remainder" is precisely what the name implies. It is a book which did not sell, and it is offered at a price below the cost of production, which represents, not a gain, but a loss to the publisher. Even in commodities like women's hats there are remainders which are due to change of style or bad guesses in the original design. In books, where every title is a separate commodity, such failures are certain to occur. If they are dumped to cut losses, this means, of course, that they could not be sold at, and sometimes were not worth, their original price, but in no sense indicates that other books were not worth the list price paid for them.

Reprints, usually sold at about a dollar or 75 cents, can, of course, be cheaper than new books. There is a greatly reduced royalty on copyright titles. These have already proved their worth, and an extensive sale is reasonably certain. The risk on the original publication of Strachey's "Queen Victoria" was considerable, and the cost great. The risk on a reprint edition is almost nil, and the cost far less. Royalties are reduced, the high cost of the original production of the books has been absorbed, the same plates used, and the work needs no extensive advertisement. That is, it was the success of the book at its original price which made the reprint possible.

As for new books, here are the facts. According to current conditions, unless a new $2.00 novel sells more than 2,500 copies, it will not yield a profit to its publisher. For an edition of 2,500 copies (which is reasonably large for a novel and large for non-fiction) the publisher's costs, which include setting the type, plating the type, paper, printing, binding, advertising, selling expense, royalty, and a reasonable overhead, are about $1.16 a copy for a novel of, say, 80,000 words, the average length. He must give to his bookseller a discount of about 42%, which the present condition of the bookselling trade indicates is not too high. Of course if the sales go well beyond 2,500 copies, the profits rapidly mount, but the best statistics available indicate that perhaps 80% of fiction titles *never go beyond their first edition*, and about 65% of non-fiction, which means a general average of about 70%.

As in all other businesses, the few successful must carry the losses of the many unsuccessful books. Nor does there seem to be at the moment much hope of lower costs in production, except for standardized reprints of wide possible circulation for each title, or for the comparatively few books which are guaranteed a wide sale in advance. The best figures indicate that for an edition of 2,500 every economy in production, including paper covers and news-print paper, will not reduce the costs more than 12 cents a copy, and it is highly questionable whether the public will buy more badly made books at, say, $1.75, than well-made books of the same title at $2.00.

But books in all probability must come down. Can the percentage of remainders and books that never go beyond their first edition be reduced? We believe so, but this should be remembered: Some waste is essential. If all "speculative" books were refused, the progress of literature would stop. All experimental novels (such as were "Main Street" or "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"), all books not clearly accordant to the present taste of the masses, everything in short but routine "best sellers," would have to be rejected, and this would mean, in our opinion, not only a check upon literary progress, but eventual financial ruin. The standard books of one generation have too often been the experimental books of the one before, the first-fruits of genius of a new and untried author.

But unquestionably the wastage is too high. There are too many disappointing second books published after good first books by young authors, too many mediocre new books taken for fear that another publisher will gobble a new author. An average of 70% of financial failure is too high. And if it were 60% or 50%—if unfortunate titles were reduced that much in number, it is probable that prices might be reduced also. In this, and in possible reduction of labor costs, in better methods of distribution, in some control of authors' advances, in more effective promotion, lie the best hopes. The present price of books results from the circumstances just described, and is justified by them. But it is to be hoped that publishers will find a way to reduce their costs, even though a narrow one. There is no injustice, certainly, in the present price of new books.

The Flea

By JOHN DRINKWATER

IF ever at Saint Peter's gate
I call "Who's there within?"
And he, the bailey, bids me wait
The audit of my sin,
I'll make no plea, in my defence,
Of charity or continence.

I know too well how meagre still
Has been my love's excess,
What poor infirmity of will
My chronicles confess,
To ask that these should mitigate
The resolution of my fate.

But I will take a garland green
Of quiet English hours,
"Of such," I'll say, "good saint, has been
My learning." And the flowers
Of Peter's Paradise will shine
On these, and make those gardens mine.

Women and Obscenity

By CHARLES CESTRE

WILL our age be remembered in future histories of the intellectual development of the West for having initiated, as an article published some time ago in this *Review* suggested, the literature of obscenity? Some of the recent productions of talented authors seem indeed to constitute a faunesque epic of sex, in the most exuberant spirit of the Renaissance, with Rabelaisian plainness, although seldom with Rabelaisian humor. This analysis, to be complete, ought to comprise not only the orgiastic explosion which brings the most secret impulses and gestures of the body into public view, but the broader and more widespread growth of amatory expressionism, which, based upon the bold assumption of the full facts of sexual life, refrains from crude exhibition or brutal nomenclature. This literature—in fact an important part of the novel-production in France, Germany, England, and America today—proceeds from the psychological conception of human behavior prevalent in science and in thought. Morals is no longer a code of compulsory principles taught by religion or enforced by social practice: it is an art of living, which within the elastic boundaries of a vaguely traditional pattern, gives ample scope to individuals to act as they are urged or restrained by their physical or psychical consciousness. Education, in the sense of knowledge or wisdom transmitted by our elders or betters, tends to be replaced by personal experience acquired by direct grappling with reality. The mode of the encounter is determined by the individual writer's needs or inhibitions, with all the mental or emotional reverberations they entail.

Actual life, where many collective taboos still hold good, confines the velleities of the timid and the wary. Few have the pluck to start experiments on their own account. Literature is the free field of tentative living. Fiction writing does not consist so much today in the invention of arresting stories as in the launching of strongly individualistic characters on the great uncharted sea of new life-experience. Passion as sentimental or romantic excitement yields ground to sexual thrill, where "soma" and "psyche" together vibrate in long waves of intense turbulence. Many inchoate novels aim essentially at the massive impact of nerve commotion. Those which rise to the level of art do not neglect spiritual values, but show them intimately connected, through the limbo of the unconscious, with the powerful, dark stirrings of the organic depths of being. All the contemporary literature of sex rests on physio-psychology. Physio-psychology will help us to understand some of its seeming anomalies or disconcerting ventures.

Is it not startling that a great many of the most daring sex novels are written by women? The women did not usher in the new fashion: but as soon as it was on its way, they rushed forward to join it and often left the men behind by the boldness of their subjects or the outspokenness of their language. This, at first sight, presents to us a world upside-down. Civilized countries have traditionally associated woman with notions of modesty and reserve, which even the climax of romantic wildness in the nineteenth century had not destroyed. George Sand's private life, it is true, was a first draft of the full picture offered us by many a heroine of today. But in her work George Sand dealt only with the imaginative or emotional aspects of passion. She raised the first loud cry for the emancipation of woman, but that was, as she wanted it to be construed, a plea for the freedom of the heart. She warily (almost with Victorian prudence) left in the dark the physical concomitants and consequents of passionate rebellion. Her epoch did not yet admit the tearing of the veil that convention and decency had drawn over the nakedness of the body. How superannuated her timidity in the light of the modern enfranchisement! Women writers nowadays would find it ridiculous or humiliating to shun risqué scenes; they show a predilection for

The cut above, a study by Dod Procter, is reproduced from "Thirty Years of British Art," by Sir Joseph Duveen (Boni).

This Week

"MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN TIBET."
Reviewed by FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN.

"SAMUEL BUTLER."
Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM.

"WAR DEBTS AND PROSPERITY."
Reviewed by J. A. M. DE SANCHEZ.

"OPIUM."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.

"FLOWERING WILDERNESS."
Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

"HUMAN BEING."
Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT.

UPPER BROADWAY.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"BATH."
Reviewed by WILMARTH LEWIS.

Next Week, or Later

"ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE."
Reviewed by PHILIP GUEDALLA.

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subjects that call for them or introduce materials that Flaubert or Beaurelaire would have shrunk from. Innumerable novels are hardly concealed confidences of women who broke the marriage tie with gusto in order to enrich their sensual experience; of girls who ran the round of dizzy adventures, prodigal of their personal treasures in order to treasure up luscious fruits; of co-eds learned in jolly rides and moonshine parties; of disciples of Sappho seeking in the Great White Way a reflection of the resplendent sky of Greece. Colette's mastery in *arte amatoria* has roused in Anglo-Saxondom many an emulatress of her knowingness and fame, who did not always deal in the secrets of the bedchamber with her delicacy of touch and subtle power of indirect expression.

How is it that so many troubling books on touchy subjects have been written by women? Physio-psychology explains it. Not only does the empire exerted by the new science over the minds account for the boldness of the writers to enter its field and the eagerness of the readers to be taken into it; it helps to understand the part played by women novelists at the turning of the literary tide. It is the most potent factor of the great change wrought in the mental complexion of women within the last thirty years, if not as regards moral and social behavior, at any rate as regards their attitude towards self-expression in creative writing.

Let us guard against confusing literature with life. Art is not penned within the narrow paling which cramps everyday existence, submitted, even in the present reign of greater freedom, to the compelling power of public opinion and moral tradition. Actual conduct, when it swerves from the beaten track, is threatened by penalties, more or less hard to avoid, that are the possible consequences in the physical or mental order of the laws of human nature or the conditions of collective life. These binding necessities in the realm of action call for an attempt to break away from them in fiction. Literature means facts, a limited range of experience, a thin store of sensations may be expanded to a boundless world of exhilaration and tumult. There, a skilful writer may figure out in glowing colors the potentialities of life; a bold writer may throw a challenge to the meanness of ordinary circumstances. Of late, this cry of defiance has taken the form of an appeal to sex—not seldom uttered by women writers.

If we except two or three male protagonists, the women have been the least hampered by considerations of social decorum, the least embarrassed by personal feelings of bashfulness. The reasons that may be brought forward in explanation have to be traced to physio-psychology. In the light of this new science, the attitude of women towards sex appears to be characterized by a duality fundamental in their nature. Woman is capable of both more passion and more self-composure than her partner. Her passion is of the heart; her composure is of the flesh. One may exist independently of the other; or, if synchronous, may act independently of the other. Not so with man. A man in love is carried away by an intensity of imaginative fleshliness, which invests the body of the loved one with a resplendent glow. There is an element of religion in his passion, akin to the sacred fury of the primitive worshippers met by Seabrook in the African jungle. Not only the feelings, but the gestures of love, for him, are bathed in an atmosphere of mixed thrill and awe. In this sense it may be said that prudishness as an obstacle to be overcome at the climax of passion, is properly the creation of the male imagination and sensibility.

Whatever the idealism of woman, it assumes a more general, more diffused quality. Love, for her, may be admirative, affectionate, maternal, as removed from mating as a child's infatuation for a little friend. This represents one phase of the emotional life of woman, the more common, that which prevails under ordinary circumstances. The other, more specific—which belongs to exceptional moments of throbbing agitation and becomes, recollected in tranquillity, the essential factor of creative writing—, is often accompanied in woman with a marked self-possession, which enables her to take in the matter-of-factness of the situation even under the sway of passionate feelings. Barring the extreme case of amorous coldness recently described by a French novelist as "flesh at the freezing point," there is always for the woman, in matters of sex, an element of clear-sighted coolness. Conception, for her, is instinctively associated with childbearing and childbirth, and assumes something of medical preciseness. Caresses, somehow, unconsciously insert themselves, in her mind, into a chapter of gynecology. This inclines women writers, when they approach the subject of sex in the modern spirit, to take what I should call the technical attitude. While male writers, even when they affect a show of cynicism, inevitably remain idealistic and under the influence of some sort of mystic ecstasy — with all that goes with it of tremor and shamefacedness—women can be deliberate and plain, as unromantic towards sex as an engineer in the service of a submarine cable company towards the poetry of the sea; or a biologist, dissecting a coral animal, towards the sheen of the gem. Autobiographical confessions (always, of course, more or less garbled) or detached observations, owing to this faculty of self-division, assume the same categoric, we might say, almost professional tone. There is no limit to outspokenness, because the original passionate stir vanishes before the unimpassioned mood of impartial scrutiny. A naturalist transcribing notes from a card catalogue has no qualms. Women can face the troublous problems of sex in the spirit of the card catalogue compiler.

Women writers are entirely conscious, when concocting these books, of the effect they will produce. Male readers are temperamentally little fitted to remain unmoved in presence of the bold revelations brought forth in "Wells of Loneliness," "Parables of Virgins," and other "S[illegible]" compunction, which are the privilege of trained specialists. The public at large is violently shocked or interestingly scared: both results secure success. The pruriency of Puritans may be a thing of the past; but there remains for the majority of half-emancipated Christians (those in whose veins, to use the phrase of a French writer, still runs the "Syrian virus") an embarrassment with regard to the openly displayed facts of sex, which creates a delightful mixture of eagerness and recoil. Nothing is more apt to urge them to raid the special corner of bookshops. The exquisite inner turmoil, in the reader's minds, is the greater as the most unafraid characters, in sex novels, are generally women. It is a mistake to believe that the ordinary rule of reticence and restraint obtains for the liberated type of woman—but it is a prevalent mistake.

Sex novels, viewed in the light of physio-psychology, justify in many cases their daring and novelty by disclosing some important secret workings of the human mind. The passionate flights of the feelings were described, with unparalelled beauty, by the romanticists. The sensations connected with the obscure or repressed disturbances of love are just beginning to be observed and recorded. Women writers play their part in unveiling the strange elements that enter into the making of passion. This disclosure creates a movement of unquiet curiosity. Great changes in the general mind begin that way. When the first flutter of emotion has abated, the relative importance of the sex motive will be more justly estimated. Excitement will calm down. Women writers, losing their exceptional position as specialized exponents of themselves and their kind, will take their normal rank among the great phalanx of those who strive, with mind open to the whole world of psychology, to entertain and enlighten their contemporaries concerning the Self in all its aspects, with a due sense of the balance of the human faculties.

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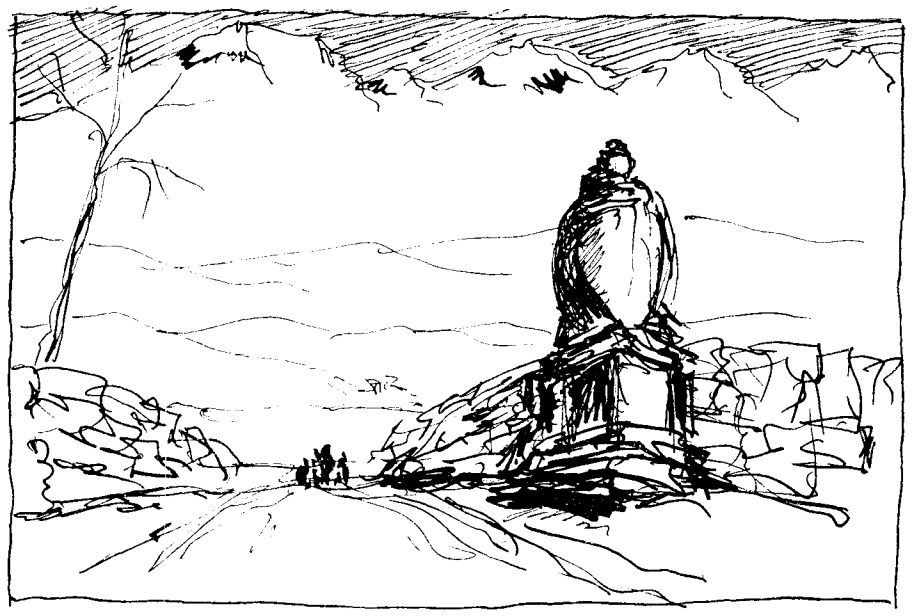

TIBETAN PRAYING WALL.
Specially drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Hendrik Van Loon.

Midst Tibetan Snows

MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN TIBET. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL. New York: Claude Kendall. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by F. YEATS-BROWN

MADAME ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL is not sufficiently well known among students of mysticism in the United States and Europe. She has travelled far and seen much, and her experiences are not only intellectual but physical: indeed there is no white man or woman who has had a similar practical experience of the Tantrik and other mystical practices of the Tibetans, whereby that strange race seeks to probe the secrets of the Self.

Her book must therefore be approached with respect. An uninformed reader might view it with suspicion, so strange are the ceremonies described, so fantastic the tales of lamas who can sit naked through a whole bitter winter night of a Hima[illegible] miles as if treading on air, and yet others who perform the terrible rites by which a corpse may be revivified. But Madame David-Neel has either done or seen these things herself; she brings to them the sympathy of a Buddhist of long standing and profound erudition, combined with a truly French acuity of vision. She makes no miraculous claims for the psychic phenomena which she has witnessed; she has observed everything in a free and impartial spirit, unbiased by doctrine or dogma, yet not tied down and blinded by the Western love for exact categories.

Her first "retreat" was carried out in a hermitage near Shigatze:

> It was springtime in the cloudy Himalayas. Nine hundred feet below my cave rhododendrons blossomed. I climbed barren mountain tops. Long tramps led me to desolate valleys studded with translucent lakes. Solitude, solitude! Mind and senses develop their sensibility in this contemplative life made up of continual observations and reflections. Does one become a visionary, or rather, is it not that one has been blind until then?

The current idea in the West that absolute solitude leads to brain disorders is a fallacy, according to the author. Isolation may have a bad effect on prisoners in solitary confinement (as indeed it has) and on lighthouse guards, explorers, and other individuals who have not sought for "the aristocratic gift" of privacy, but this does not apply to Tibetan hermits.

> Words cannot convey the almost voluptuous sweetness of the feeling experienced when one closes the door of one's hermitage, or when one looks down from the heights at the first wintry snow heaping up in the lower valleys, creating for months around the hermitage an impassable white and cold rampart. But most likely only those who have lived through it themselves can understand the irresistible attraction that hermit life exerts on many Orientals.

Madame David-Neel makes us feel this attraction, makes us realize also that Tibet is not the bleak and savage country it is sometimes represented to be, but a land with a culture that considers itself superior to that of India and Europe. The author has met the Tashi and Dalai Lamas, she has conversed with sages in every stage of emancipation, she has assisted at the mystic banquet at which the initiate offers his flesh to the devils of materialism, she has witnessed the weird Chöd ceremony with its drums made from human skin and trumpets made from thigh-bones, and she is as much at home sitting crosslegged with a lama, drinking tea made from liquid butter, as she would be in a villa in the South of France. It is this meeting of East and West in her pages that gives the book its particular attraction.

As regards the literary method, Madame David-Neel sometimes falls between two stools: she is not technical enough to satisfy the student who knows, for instance, of the attribution surrounding the mystic syllables *Om mani padme hum,* and not autobiographical enough to [illegible] she had materialized a familiar spirit who became so close and real to her that not only could she see and touch him, but others saw him, she tells us that she decided to dismiss him, and that "it took six months hard work." What kind of work? Did the spirit haunt her? What did she talk to it about? We long to know more, yet perhaps it is ungenerous to criticize when we have been given so much which is of real interest and importance.

"Magic and Mystery in Tibet" is only an instalment of a larger and completer work in which the religions of Tibet will be described in detail. Let us hope that the author will not be too reticent about her own experiences and ideas, even if these are not directly related to lamaistic practices. The world has need of travellers and thinkers like Madame Alexandra David-Neel, and need of books like this which represent *choses vues* not as Loti did (inimitably) under the glamor of personal romance, or in the manner of best-seller adventure writers, seeking out every sensation to tickle the palate of a jaded and sedentary public, but without any artifice beyond that of a heart attuned to the customs of a distant people.

I have read many books on Tibet; but this one gives me, between the lines at any rate, more than any other, a feeling of those intangibles and imponderables which make up an "atmosphere," and which are better worth knowing than most facts. I would recommend this and the other works of Madame David-Neel to students of Eastern philosophy in particular, and to lovers of adventure in general.

Francis Yeats-Brown, author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Bloody Years," is an Englishman who during long residence in India became thoroughly familiar not only with the country and the people but also with Yoga discipline.

A Bible is to be the first prize in a Parisian lottery. It contains the signature of King Francis I. of France.

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Recrudescent Samuel Butler

SAMUEL BUTLER: A Victorian Modern. By CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM

SOME men positively refuse to stay dead. Funeral orations and graveside ceremonies seem of no effect in keeping them quiet. Of this intractable company was Samuel Butler of Erewhon. Although the critics of his day laid him comfortably to rest, he continues to bob up again from time to time, very much alive, and to enjoy increasingly the only kind of immortality he wanted—"life in the thoughts and deeds of other men." Since his death in 1902, to say nothing of the increasing circulation of certain of his own books, there have appeared—upon him, or on aspects of his work—upwards of sixty magazine articles, besides more than forty entire chapters or extended references in books, and over a dozen whole volumes. The latest volume devoted to him is the work by Clara Gruening Stillman, a combination of biography, appraisal, and epitome which covers a great deal of ground, and covers it well.

The reason for this persistent, and apparently growing, interest in a man who died, practically unknown, some thirty years ago, and who, during his whole life, had to pay cash for such hearing as he did get, may be open to argument: the fact of it is not. When, about a year before his death, Butler made up an analysis of the sales of his books, he found that he had actually paid out of his own pocket the sum of £1065, 5s, 3d—probably the equivalent of some eight thousand dollars at the present time—for the privilege of placing his work before the public; for of his many books only one, "Erewhon Revisited," had been published at a publisher's expense, and the others—with the sole exception of "Erewhon"—had not earned their cost of production. Not until he was dead did any book of his achieve a real success or the London critics feel safe in hailing him as "the most penetrating, honest, courageous, and original of the critics of modern life." Even the limited good fortune enjoyed by "Erewhon" when first published was probably due to a mistake on the part of the public—Butler was quite sure of it. In the previous year (1871) Lord Lytton had brought out "The Coming Race," also the story of a hidden civilization and also anonymous, though hints had been circulated broadcast beforehand as to the identity of the noble author. Naturally enough, when "Erewhon" appeared, it was assumed that Lytton was repeating. However it may have been, when Butler's name appeared on the title-page of the fifth edition, sales at once fell off; although, when Butler made up his accounts in 1901 he found that he had sold about four thousand copies of "Erewhon," at a profit of some three hundred dollars. Now "Erewhon" is a classic, has found its way into Dutch, German, French, and Spanish, and into practically all the reprint series in England and the United States. Last year it was brought out by the Cheshire House Press of New York in a costly limited edition, which was marred, however, by trivial and unsuitable illustrations.

"Some people think I must be depressed and discouraged because my books do not make more noise; but, after all, whether people read my books or no is their affair, not mine. . . . I have no time to cater for the public," proclaimed Butler, taking a detached, Olympian attitude, which, whether natural or cultivated, was a most unfortunate one for a man anxious to get a hearing—and Butler really was passionately anxious to be heard. His continual complaint was that there was a conspiracy of silence against him: his opponents would not even argue with him. Son of a Canon of the Episcopal Church and grandson of a Bishop, he was a born expounder; only, by the malice of Fate and the nature of his own unusual mentality, the things he wanted to expound were almost always not in the least the sort of thing that the public of that day wanted to hear. George Bernard Shaw, who usually hits the nail on the head, said of him in 1910, "The real reason why Butler was unknown was that he was always showing wherein accepted people were wrong."

Consider the number of holy and untouchable things which he attacked, either with the poisoned dart of irony or with the perhaps even more disconcerting weapon of unanswerable argument! In "Erewhon" alone, he paid his respects to classical education; the relations between parents and children; doctors and medical science; the increasing mechanization of civilization; the Anglican Church and its services; vegetarianism and all forms of prohibition; law and legal procedure; Society (with the capital S) and social conventions, generally. A good deal for a single short volume! In "Erewhon Revisited" he dealt even more drastically with education at Oxford and Cambridge and with the whole professional class, also with the whole subject of miracle and revealed religion, and threw in some more jabs at Society as a side line. He had already, meanwhile, attacked in "The Fair Haven" the credibility and genuineness of the Gospel accounts of the Resurrection, and in "God the Known and God the Unknown" went further and tried to build a pantheistic theology of his own, for the use of sensible people. Yet, in spite of this, he continued to maintain to the end of his life that he was an English Broad Churchman ("What those who belong to this wing believe, I believe; what they reject, I reject")—which did not endear him to the Broad Churchmen.

In his four scientific books, but particularly in "Evolution Old and New," he not only attacked the correctness of the Darwinian theory of Evolution but impugned Darwin's honesty and accused him of having taken his ideas from other men without giving credit. After this, as if he had not done enough to raise himself up a thoroughly satisfactory crop of enemies, he entered the fields of art, music, and literature as a controversialist, and began to lay about him there with his customary vigor and disregard of other people's ideas, feelings, and reputations. He claimed, for instance,—and, as far as the ordinary man can see, proved—that the Odyssey was not written by Homer, but by a woman, and a young woman at that. He proposed a rearrangement of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and wrote a book about them, identifying the mysterious "Mr. W. H.," which is today treated quite respectfully by Shakespearean scholars. In art, he dismissed with scant reverence such giants as Michelangelo and Raphael in favor of the comparatively obscure Giovanni Bellini, and in music, he claimed that Handel had no peer in his own or any other age.

Altogether, a man of many and diverse heterodoxies! But, incidentally, an awkward person to have as an antagonist, for, in addition to the quite amazing quantity of his knowledge in many distinct fields, he was an indefatigable worker—he worked himself to death—with an uncomfortable habit of verifying all references ("I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy") and a capacity for writing simple, vigorous, and effective English. Above all, his written work was full of humor—often ironical—and enthusiasm. There seems to be nothing which he could not make interesting to his reader.

In view of Butler's powers, his wit, his persistence, his originality, and his highly respectable family connections, it seems likely that he might have eventually conquered the suspicion and distaste with which the disposers of the public verdicts regarded him, if it had not been for the episode of "The Fair Haven."

Published in 1873, ostensibly as a defense of the evidence for the Resurrection written by a converted infidel, one "John Pickard Owen," "The Fair Haven" contained—besides a delicious Memoir of the supposititious author—about as destructive a consideration of that evidence as has ever been made. It was a masterpiece of ironical argument, and conveyed with damning fidelity the ineffable blend of unctuous piety and self-satisfaction, combined with mediocrity of intellect, which used to characterize the evangelical elect. I am aware that it has been contended—and Butler himself, for obvious reasons, maintained—that "The Fair Haven" was not a conscious hoax, and that his attack on the credibility of the Gospels was made in that form to spare the feelings of his family; but that amiable theory cannot be seriously held in view of the ironic and triumphant tone of Butler's signed preface to the Second Edition, published only six months later. But, intentional hoax or not, the results were the same. Enthusiastically received by the evangelical press at first as a strong defense of the Christian evidences, the revelation of the true authorship of "The Fair Haven" made it almost impossible from then on for Butler to obtain a hearing among his contemporaries. Once bit, twice shy!

Of course, Butler was accused of being a sceptic—and in those days that was a serious accusation; but never was any man less of a sceptic than Butler. He disbelieved, it is true, in practically everything which it was then the fashion to believe in; but he believed in his own point of view to the edge of fanaticism, and, further, he made assent to that point of view the touchstone of literary and cultural salvation. A real sceptic is sceptical about everything—his own acceptances included. No, it was not his scepticism that kept him out of mental touch with his world: it was that other quality, embodied by Mrs. Stillman in the title of her book—he belonged to a different century. In the Victorian age, he possessed the typical post-war mind—irreverent, inquisitive, critical, but assured of the validity of its own criticisms, scornful of the holiness of accepted doctrines and institutions, many-sided and unsettling. So he came to be regarded by the comfortably convinced as a sort of intellectual wasp, buzzing about and trying to disturb the serenity and security of the Victorian picnic. What was there for the dignified picnickers to do but ignore him, when they found him too agile to catch and too well-armed to crush?

Now, by the irony of time, it is exactly those qualities in him which his contemporaries found insufferable that have made him welcome to their successors and have led to his heresies becoming the groundwork for the social theories of tomorrow. Criminals today, as in the land of Erewhon, are beginning to be treated as sick people: Health Departments everywhere are quarantining—that is, imprisoning—the diseased with increasing strictness: the public attitude towards poverty, sickness, and misfortune of all kinds is tending away from the fatalistic and sympathetic one of yesterday to one of ever sterner reprobation, and our views on the vast multiplication of machinery, and its effect on economics and human character, are far from the complacent cocksureness of Victorian industrialists.

There is, in fact, a reversal of Victorian verdicts all along the line, and the names of those who condemned Butler to a temporary oblivion are now themselves sunk in a permanent one. The world has turned away from the "gentlemen's agreement" basis for religion, as it has from the mechanistic universe of Victorian science; and though to Darwin will always belong the honor of having introduced the idea of Evolution to the consciousness of the man in the street, Darwinism, as such, is moribund. Butler, almost alone of his time, resisted contemporary social and intellectual pressure and personified the revolt of human intelligence from the bondage of authority, mechanism, and specialization. He had many faults, many weaknesses, many littlenesses. There was, as Norman Douglas remarks, "something cheeky and preadolescent about him . . . a kind of virginal ferocity," which repels many of his readers. No man can cloister himself as Butler did, and resist the mental and psychic influences of his generation, without paying the penalty. Still, thanks to his own "Note Books" and to Festing Jones's monumental "Memoir," we know the worst of him, as well as the best: there is no part of his life or personality undocumented; and the more we read of him and the better we get to know his mind and his work, the more he stands up as a many-sided genius, a great modern born out of his time, whom we would gladly have with us in the flesh today.

From now on, no student of Butler can afford to ignore Mrs. Stillman's "Samuel Butler: a Victorian Modern." It is an excellent introduction, both to the man and to his works, more suitable for the general reader than the "Memoir," and stressing particularly the present-day trend of Butler's thought and methods. It is, moreover, the product of knowledge and enthusiasm, and of the power to write forcibly as well as felicitously. The author has had the good fortune of being able to discuss Butler with Festing Jones before the latter's death, and has also had the use of material not available to Jones in the writing of his "Memoir." Her appraisal of Butler is generous and, on the whole, sound, though she seems to have overlooked the basically theological cast of Butler's mind. Above all, her book is thoroughly entertaining from cover to cover, and with its convenient Bibliography it points the way for anyone who wishes to make a wider study of its subject. In view of the approaching centenary of Butler's birth, the publication at the present moment of such a readable and well-informed study is particularly fortunate, for Butler must be better known and more generally taken account of in the immediate future than he is at present.

FAMILY PRAYER.
From "Samuel Butler," by Clara Gruening Stillman.

Dr. Lawrence C. Worth, librarian of the John Carter Brown Library of Brown University, has been appointed Rosenbach lecture fellow in bibliography at the University of Pennsylvania for the current academic year. The Rosenbach lecture fellowship, awarded for the first time last year, when it was held by Christopher Morley, author and essayist, was established through a $20,000 gift from Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia.

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Debts & Reconstruction

A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS. By G. D. H. COLE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $3.75.

WAR DEBTS AND WORLD PROSPERITY. By HAROLD G. MOULTON and LEO PASVOLSKY. New York: The Century Co. (The Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution.) 1932.

Reviewed by J. A. M. DE SANCHEZ

IN view of the limitations which Mr. Cole placed upon himself in writing "A Guide through World Chaos" it is fairer to examine it as a work of political advocacy rather than as an economic treatise. It is, in fact, a socialist tract. It is unique as such in being well and temperately written. To realize how much better Mr. Cole's book is than most socialist writing one need only compare it with Mr. Shaw's tiresome effort on the same subject. Mr. Cole also differs from most former English socialist apologists in rejecting "gradualism." He is at least logical in admitting that however great the imbecility of capitalists they are not sufficiently imbecile to allow themselves to be despoiled beyond a certain point without protest. He recognizes that the constitutional changes which socialism in England would require are unlikely to be achieved except by revolutionary means. The recent decision of the Labor Party at Leicester confirms the soundness of his views. British socialism has become perhaps less British, but it has become definitely more socialist. Even the British genius for compromise has been unable to reconcile Marxian socialism and democratic constitutionalism.

Whether one agrees to or rejects Mr. Cole's view that the salvation of the world lies in its acceptance of the Marxian dogma must depend upon one's temperament and taste. It is commonly asserted that Marxianism is a religion, that as such it appeals to those of religious temperament, and that this explains many converts among those who have abandoned Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc. This assertion seems to rest on a confusion of the credulous and the religious. The appeal of Marxianism as a system might be more accurately said to be addressed to those who seek a way which combines simplicity and completeness. Marxianism does not, it is true, define the future life, but with this important exception it offers a far more complete way of life than any other religion or philosophy which has been proposed. What religious or metaphysical system, for instance, undertakes both to solve the problem of "evil" and to supply a satisfactory technique for sexual intercourse? It is furthermore claimed that this vast structure of "truth" is based on science. Marxianism is in reality no more scientific than is Voodooism since its adherents are forbidden the right critically to examine its dogmas, but this seems to enhance its attractiveness for certain minds.

Mr. Cole is not free from the naiveté which is characteristic of many socialists. It is particularly noticeable in his curious faith in "engineers" as the proper body to reorganize and order economic life. This faith in technique as a means to all ends is characteristic of Marxian thinking. One wonders if Mr. Cole's experience of engineers is very wide, for without discounting their technical competence it may be doubted whether any body of men is as such so unfitted by education to undertake the management of other men. The engineer in training and in the application of his technique deals with objects which are amenable to rational organization. As he advances in life seeing successive problems yield a solution to his efforts he is confirmed in his view of the efficacy of technique and is increasingly unaware that by far the most important problems with which man is faced lie in a realm entirely beyond the reach of his method. He is incapable of understanding that the management of men consists of a continuous compromise between the possible and the better, that to the management of men, constructive imagination and humor remain essential. Mr. Cole need not have gone farther than Russia to have convinced himself of the truth of the foregoing. But whatever its defects, his book

CONSEQUENCES OF THE ECONOMIC CRISIS, OR THE RETURN TO BARTER.

"Perhaps you would exchange this Virulent Typhus Bacillus Culture for a quarter of a pound of cheese?"

A Cartoon from Jugend.

remains the most lucid and intelligent statement of the socialist case which has appeared in English.

"War Debts and World Prosperity" is an entirely different order of book. Messrs. Moulton and Pasvolsky present a fully documented and painstaking account of the Reparations and Inter-Ally debt problems. Each economic aspect of these problems is dealt with, and each is brought within the range of understanding of the average man. The statistical tables which form an appendix to the book are admirable in their completeness and organization. It cannot be said that the book makes cheerful reading. It is never very satisfactory to be obliged to recognize that policies which have seemed justified and to the enforcement of which men of great ability have given their best efforts over a period of years were unwise and in fact uninforcible. The notion that Germany should be required to repair the actual physical damage occasioned as a result of the invasion of Belgium and Northern France was not in itself absurd, nor was the contention of the United States that they should be repaid the money advances made to their associates in the course of the war. It has, nevertheless, proven impossible to translate these desiderata into terms of action. Some money has been received by France and Belgium. Some payments have been made to the United States. But the economic cost of these receipts, as Messrs. Moulton and Pasvolsky make abundantly clear, has been out of all reasonable proportion to their value.

Messrs. Moulton and Pasvolsky fail in one important respect (as does Mr. Cole in the chapter of his book which deals with the same problem) to deal adequately with their subject. They seem hardly aware of the political aspects of the question of War Debt collections, and this in spite of the fact that the political factors involved were at least as important as the economic. The fact that the German people admitted no moral obligation to pay reparations was the primary reason for the failure of the German government to undertake adequate reform of the grotesque public finance system established at Weimar. And this fact is a political fact. though its consequences were entirely economic. The Congress of the United States was entirely actuated by political motives in refusing to grant Mr. Mellon the authority he asked to deal with the Inter-Ally debts on a purely economic basis.

Messrs. Moulton and Pasvolsky treat the Lausanne settlement as if it were chiefly due to a sudden realization of the economic harm done by the effort to collect reparations, whereas as a matter of fact it was chiefly due to the realization by the French people that the political effects of this effort outweighed its economic advantages. For, after all, the French people suffered less in an economic sense (if they suffered at all) from the payment of reparations than did any other. A similar change of sentiment is required in the United States if Messrs. Moulton and Pasvlosky's sensible conclusion that it would be to the advantage of these to cancel the debts due them is to attain acceptance. Such a change of sentiment is a work of political rather than of purely economic education. So far no politician with the exception of Mr. Smith has had the courage to accept and to act upon this fact. If other politicians are capable of being convinced that the only way to give the Inter-Ally debts any value, is to cancel them, such a book as "War Debts and World Prosperity" is well designed to achieve this end.

Of Many Things

OPIUM. By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by ERNEST BOYD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

OPIUM addicts are not the most ordinary of mortals, and Jean Cocteau is certainly not the most ordinary of writers; so it is scarcely surprising that when Cocteau decided to write about his experiences with opium he should produce a very queer book indeed. In this "Diary of an Addict" we have a record, written and drawn, of the various stages of the author's "disintoxication" at the St. Cloud clinic (December 16, 1928-April 1929); but it is an eccentric, discursive, intermittent, and often cryptic, record that might send any scientific clinician into excusable hysterics. Cocteau takes his own line as always, as might be expected, he is no less idiosyncratic when admittedly under the influence of opium than he has been in the past when under the same influence, though not admittedly. Originality may not be one of the major artistic virtues—indeed, we are informed that Cocteau fears it as an immigration officer fears the bubonic plague—, but it is the minor virtue which is chiefly responsible for making Cocteau a minor artist worthy of consideration. And nowhere has he displayed it more delightfully or provocatively than in this book. There is no drowsing with this author; his words sting the reader's mind into attention and activity.

To write of opium is to challenge comparison with De Quincey; but opium is almost all that Cocteau and De Quincey may be said to have in common. The nineteenth century Englishman began his "confession" with talk of scars and moral ulcers, and apologized for his self-exposure, saying that for examples of such exhibitionism we "must look to French literature, or to that part of the German which is tainted with the spurious and defective sensibility of the French." The twentieth century Parisian is neither confessing nor apologizing: "I am not pleading a case. I am not judging one. I am bringing forward evidence for both the prosecution and the defence in the trial of opium." And as usual he makes the most of that sensibility, neither spurious nor defective, with which he is so lavishly blessed or cursed. Indeed, it may be suggested in passing that all Cocteau has produced and done might be studied as varieties of the phenomena of hyperæsthesia. The key to his work lies there. But, to return to the immediate subject. . . . He and De Quincey have opium in common (though one is a smoker and the other an eater, and Cocteau insists that the two types of addicts must never be confused), and together they pay their debt to it in eloquent praise. "Naturally opium remains unique and its well-being superior to that of health," says the one. "To it I owe my perfect hours. It is a pity that medicine does not try to make opium inoffensive, instead of perfecting the process of disintoxication." And the other exclaims: "thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!" Cocteau speaks in epigrams, sometimes in a baffling shorthand that the reader must decipher, and De Quincey in elaborately orchestrated prose; but their reports on the effects of the drug are, in essentials, astonishingly similar. The great difference is that while the one weeps over the dire consequences of the vicious habit, the other (despite promises) has almost nothing to say for "the prosecution." Both scorn the amateur intruder in the field where they are self-acknowledged experts, and insist that opium is not to be taken unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and soberly. The amateur will succeed only in making himself actively ill.

Cocteau in his own words, has used the drug as a kind of "fixitive" to conceal from himself the fact that, "living is a horizontal fall." My guess—and I do not think that I misread either his cryptic words or his extraordinary drawings—is that it has served him much as Proust's cork-lined room served the insatiable seeker for things past: a man with naked nerves must protect them as best he may from the rough surface of the world, and both Proust and Cocteau were born without the serviceable hide that blankets the average man and mercifully muffles up his senses. No wonder the latter laments the fact that medicine does not change its objective in the case of opium.

If the author wrote of nothing but his drug, this book would be remarkable enough; but, for the reader's stimulation and delight, he writes of many things besides. Authors: "Baudelaire is getting wrinkled, but he remains astonishingly young." "Rimbaud stole his diamonds; but where? That is the puzzle." Revolutionaries: "A revolution can retain its purity for a fortnight." Painters, journalists, poets, the drama, movies, dogs, children, the Prince of Wales censorship. And, best of all, art and the artist's problems: "The principle of novelty in a work is always fatal. Until it has become commonplace and disappeared, the work cannot be seen." "It is not the poet's role to prove, but to affirm, without producing any of the cumbersome proofs in his possession, of which his affirmation is the result. In the long run the gradual discovery of these proofs gives the poet his place as a magician." The epigrams, one-breath paragraphs, and short-hand notes prick and sting the mind; scarcely one deserves to be dismissed lightly. Cocteau leaves his

JEAN COCTEAU.

best thoughts for the reader to develop and elaborate. All intelligent reading as an act of collaboration, but this author makes severer demands than most. So, too, does he demand more of his translators, and the merit of Mr. Boyd's accomplishment must be measured in relation to the difficulty of his task.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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"Pukka Sahib"

FLOWERING WILDERNESS. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $2.50.

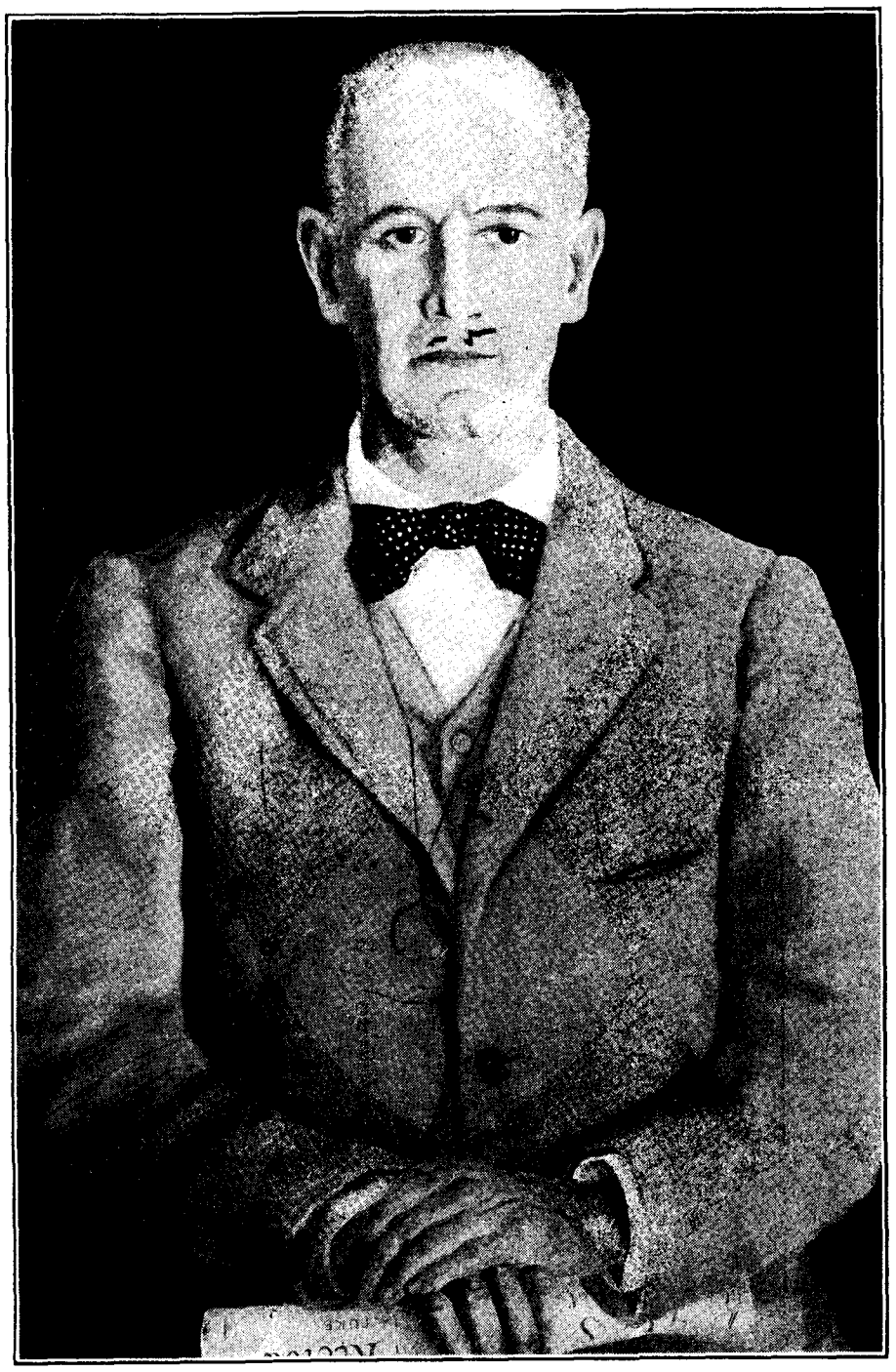
Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

IT might have been predicted of Dinny Cherrell, the delightful heroine of "Maid In Waiting," that she would fall in love with someone who needed protecting. In the earlier book she appeared rather as a maid militant than as a maid in waiting; she was successfully engaged in vindicating her brother's good name and in shielding and helping her friend Diana Ferse. She is the exact opposite of the self-centered Fleur Forsyte; her dominant trait is a generous chivalry, as befits the daughter of a soldier. And so when she meets Wilfrid Desert, she falls in love with him, promptly and completely. Desert is the young poet in "A Modern Comedy," once the most intimate friend of Michael Mont, and afterward the would-be lover of Michael's wife Fleur. Not through this behavior, but through a violation of the code of his class, he is on the verge of becoming a social outcast. The point of honor involved is a curious one, and to American readers must seem artificial. Desert is a man without a religion. Captured by a fanatical Arab chief, he has renounced Christianity at the point of a pistol and become nominally a Moslem. Dinny's relatives and friends object to her marrying him, not because he has tried to seduce his best friend's wife, or because he has become a Mohammedan, but because, to all appearances, he changed his religion to save his life. It is distinctly stated that if he had turned renegade of his own volition, the matter would have been much less serious. The fact that he acted under duress, which to Americans would be at least an extenuating circumstance, is to the English the very head and front of his crime. There is of course a reason for the difference; to a small ruling class, any act which hurts their prestige among subject races is anathema. But the artificiality of the point of honor on which the story turns is a stumbling block to readers whose code is alien. At times one wishes to rename the novel "Much Ado About Nothing."

Mr. Galsworthy of course is aware of the dubious ethics of the "pukka sahib" code, and indeed satirizes it. Herein is one notable achievement of the book; the author makes us feel that, absurd as the code is, it is strong enough to disrupt and wreck beyond redemption the lives of those who challenge it. He has opposed to it one of the most potent forces on earth,—the love of a wise and generous woman. Dinny might have got the better of the code and have redeemed her lover, if she had had to fight for him, as she had fought for her brother, only in the field of society. She might have saved him from the disastrous effects of social ostracism; but the code had its strongest fortress in Wilfrid's own soul. His reason justified him, but his inherited feeling condemned him. He might defy society, with Dinny's support, but he could not escape from the doubt of his own motives or from the inner echo of the tribal condemnation. He becomes a hopelessly divided personality; and even Dinny's love is baffled by the black moods which turn him away from her.

The story is thus a modern and very substle variation of an ancient theme,—the struggle between love and the point of honor. It is Mr. Galsworthy's triumph to have revivified the theme and realized it in terms of modern life. He has shown us the conflict chiefly from the point of view of the heroine; we see Wilfrid generally from the outside. It would be interesting to have the story retold from the point of view of the introverted and defeated hero. One feels that he, rather than Dinny, should have been the central figure of the book. As usual in a Galsworthy novel, the social background is sketched with consummate skill, and the secondary characters are delicately and surely drawn.

The autograph manuscript of Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography" has been presented to the British Museum by the Friends of the National Libraries.



JOHN GALSWORTHY

From a portrait by Randall Davey (Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago)

When recently it was announced that Mr. Galsworthy had received the Nobel Prize for Literature *The Saturday Review* hastened to forward its congratulations. The following brief but pointed cable reached us a few days later:

"Many thanks for your congratulations stop I have never tried to do anything for English Literature stop Sufficient and generally more than sufficient unto the day has been the job thereof."

Discerning subscribers will be interested to note, in this picture, how squarely Mr. Galsworthy stands behind *The Saturday Review*.

Peasants of France

THE SECOND SON. By DOMINIQUE DUNOIS. Translated by GLADYS BILLINGS. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1932. $2.

THIS is a quiet story of French peasants, by no means with so much earthy power as is claimed for it by the publishers, yet with a good deal of appeal in the picture of the pitiless forces at work on this peasant farm. The premise of the story, developing during the early chapters, is difficult to accept — that old Madame Berthault should carry her love for her farm to such a point that she would forbid a second child to her son and daughter-in-law (thus to prevent a dreaded division of the land), and, when her wishes are disobeyed, should outlaw this second grandchild and to a certain extent his parents also. The Frenchman's traditional family feeling seems to run counter to the possibility of such a plot, but since our French author must know her France better than do we, perhaps this postulate should be accepted on the ground that a peasant's love for his land exceeds everything else.

The story follows the neglected childhood of little Prosper, this unwanted younger brother, whose mother is too timid and in her dumb peasant fashion too phlegmatic, and whose father is too subservient to the old matriarch, to combat the treatment accorded the child. It is mitigated only by the frank affection of his more fortunate older brother André, and the passionate devotion of a crippled half-wit who becomes a servant on the farm and, starved for affection, takes Prosper as her beloved charge. Often neglected, however, he dies from a fall when left all day alone, and in addition to their own remorse the odium of the village descends upon the parents and the grandmother. After many years the husband and wife break away, leaving even the cherished farm to start a new and independent life. But this is not till they have been galvanized into action by the tragic death of André as a young soldier, near the end of the painful years of the war.

The book is so unusual that it is well worthy of readers, and the interest in its human story and in its village background is well sustained to the end. The translation is very acceptable save for the occasional introduction of English grammatical errors in the dialogue of the peasants,—done with an obvious purpose but for some obscure reason ringing less true than the simple, straightforward language generally adopted by the author. The use of "Madame" instead of "Mrs." would also surely have fallen better into the atmosphere of the story. Such books are welcome on our tables, a contrast to what is usually before us today and a refreshing glimpse into different lives, very different from our own,—lives much simpler in outward trappings but fully as charged with inarticulate emotions.

A "Library of Sound" is to be opened in Moscow. It will contain gramophone records of important speeches and of the various Russian dialects as well as records of music and literature.

Romantic Adventure

WANTON MALLY. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S versatility remains a source of surprise and gratification; with so much to choose from, no wonder all classes of readers are pleased—sooner or later, or perhaps all the time. His new book reverts to an older style, the debonair costumed romance which is at present considered out of fashion, but almost by that very fact has, if well done, a refreshing quality of its own. And here it is of course well done. This practised author knows his medium, and while those who cherish the delectable qualities of 'Penrod" or in a different way of—say—"The Plutocrat," will think regretfully of the special talents which Tarkington in this present offering must of necessity forego using, yet others will especially enjoy what now is set before them.

The story turns upon the adventure of three rogues, one a dashing lady full of spirit and spice, another a gay Frenchman exiled from the court of Louis XIV. A riotous prank in London has turned unintentionally into the murder of a bishop —a deed too flagrant even for the loose days of Charles II. Escaping northward on horseback, the three become involved with a quite different group: Colpoys, whom the dashing lady loves, although she taunts and quarrels with him, and two gentle Quakers whom Colpoys is helping out of the country as he has helped others before them—this being a period when their persecution is in full swing. A fog on the moor of Wanton Mally engulfs and confuses all these figures, together with the pursuers and local officials, but these the Frenchman with his gallantry and ready wits succeeds for a time in throwing off the track. Love, jealousy, fear, ingenuity, and the courage of the non-resisting Quakers are the elements that succeed one another as the centre of interest in Colpoys's rough moorland retreat and in the wet shroud of fog without. The vixenish lady is of course subdued to successful love; the Quakers are safely transported abroad; the Frenchman, still gay and suave, feels himself well out of a rather excessive adventure, and all is happily ended.

The style of the book is, as one would expect from this practised writer, well in keeping with its matter. It is lightly debonair, romantic without sentimentality, and well adjusted in its mixture of story and of background.

A Ghost Story

FAREWELL MISS JULIE LOGAN. By J. M. BARRIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $1.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

WHEN the little Scotch glen was locked for the winter people were a bit apt to go "queer" and hold converse with The Strangers—shades of the Jacobite refugees who had made the glen their hiding-place back in '45. The Reverend Adam Yestreen looked on these doings with a skeptic's eye, as a good minister should, but even he succumbed; for when the winter had come down on the little God-forsaken parish, the young minister encountered Miss Julie Logan, who in the olden days had succored the fugitive prince by stealing grouse from the eagle's nest on the top of the rock. She sat at his fire, she drank a few mouthfuls of blackberry wine, and as a result of this visitation and his rude awakening from it, the Reverend Adam Yestreen found himself in a stramash and was bedridden for months.

Barrie's first tale in many years comes to us stamped with the hallmark of his consistently capricious mind. In its way it is as perfect a ghost story as we have had; the Scottish dialect has charm and fluency and the tale's construction is a marvel of craftsmanship. To lovers of the whimsical, the fantastic, the tricksy humor he has made his special province, it will be welcome.

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The Pattern of Life

NEVER ENOUGH. By LEANE ZUGSMITH. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is fairly safe to say that this is like no book that you have ever read. It must be called a novel, because anything that is not definitely something else is called a novel nowadays; but it does not tell a single story, nor present a picture of a fairly definite group. It contains some ten or more separate stories, of unrelated people in widely different parts of the country; each one is dealt with for a number of pages, dropped completely for one of the others, and later taken up again after he has passed through an interval of time. The various principals of the piece, or the pieces, sometimes casually encounter each other, but there is never anything significant in these contacts; they are merely the accidental meetings of life. The author seems to have let her people once in a while stray into each other's stories, and wander out again, only because if she kept them entirely apart the reader might regard that in itself as the result of deliberate design on her part; like the dramatist who said that chance should be allowed to play a part in drama, because it would be only by an incredible chance that a life should not be affected by chance.

And evidently Miss Zugsmith wishes to avoid the appearance of design altogether. The stories of her various characters, if sorted out and printed straightforwardly, would each be about the length of a longish short story; but these life histories would not make short stories, nor good conventional novels—that is, for the most part; for here again, among so many characters it is only natural that there should be one or two whose lives present some sort of pattern. There is a poor Jewish medical student, for instance, who attains real tragedy; he can find no opening in his profession, is led unwillingly into becoming an abortionist, and comes to disaster; and there is a boy who against the odds achieves the proper happy ending of the old novels; but most of the histories are quite inconclusive. The characters are the sort of people you see on the subway, and their lives are as aimless as the lives of people in general in fact are. Miss Zugsmith has felt no more obligation to produce a work of art that would satisfy Aristotle than does God Almighty.

What she has tried to do is evidently to give a picture of ten years of inflation in America. The book is divided into ten chapters, each containing a cross-section of the lives of her actors; there are no dates, but each chapter has for a title some catch-word, beginning with "Back to Normalcy" (save the mark!) and ending with "Don't Sell America Short." From these, and from the songs people are humming, and from the news items they talk about, the time of the book can be fixed as running from 1918 to 1928. It was the period of excitement, idle pleasure, and cheap newspapers; and it is mirrored with wonderful faithfulness in this unique novel.

It is like nothing you have seen before; whether you will ever see anything like it again, whether the experiment will seem worth repeating, is a nicer question. There are, of course, two kinds of interest, the interest one feels in the hero holding the stair against a dozen of the Cardinal's guards, though the hero himself may be a puppet, and the interest one feels in a sprained ankle belonging to somebody one knows. In the greatest literature, of course, one has both kinds; Hamlet both achieves reality as a person and has interesting things happen to him. It is to the second kind of interest, the interest of actuality, that "Never Enough" makes its appeal. It carries the very utmost illusion of actuality. One may venture to say that stories not striking in themselves have never been set forth so as to hold more strongly the reader's attention, simply from the conviction with which the entire scene is presented. But this type of interest, though vivid, is not deep. The Macbeths have less activity, but more reality than the Hall-Mills family; and there is nothing so dusty as last year's newspaper. The want that one feels in "Never Enough" is something of this sort.

Should authors go on salary? In the seventeenth century writers had to cringe and sweat for what money they got. They had to write fulsome prefaces, or wait for shillings in booksellers' halls. The economic conditions of literary production were terrible—and the output includes one of the chief treasure heaps of English literature.

Today the marketing of literary wares is organized and over-organized. No good (and celebrated) story-teller or playwright, even in 1932, can fail of a decent reward. And the output is—well, not yet Elizabethan, Jacobean, or even Augustan in its quality.

What is the conclusion? Certainly not that authors should go back to panhandling, although personally I should rather panhandle Queen Elizabeth than Demos, and expect to do better. But clearly profits in themselves do not stimulate good literature. Perhaps they hinder it, and perhaps what literature needs is a status more like that of another profession, medicine, where a good doctor is assured of an income, but not of getting rich. If authors, like university professors, were upon salaries, what would be the result?

Henry S Canby

An Unknown Soldier

HUMAN BEING. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY set out to track down the human animal, most elusive of Big Game. He fails to get his man, but he bags a whole covey of women, a number of bystanders, and the better part of a publishing house in a novel rich and wise and salty beyond anything he has yet written.

How do you set about writing the biography of an unknown citizen, a forgotten man? Take, for example, Richard Roe,

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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dealer in stationer's novelties with an office in the Flatiron Building and an apartment on 81st Street, a wife who nags him, a daughter who despises him, a secretary who loves him, and a brother who cheats him. How do you catch this human being in the act of being human?

Working backward like an archeologist, Mr. Morley uncovers successive layers of Richard Roe's career, scanning the midden heaps of his past to discover those bright, irrelevant trifles that touch the emotions and so bring the portrait to life. He finds that Richard liked rainy nights and the old Sixth Avenue El, shop windows, railway guides, and the Museum of Natural History; that he pleated his paper longwise to read it, and kept an Iron Ration of clothes and money in his office safe so that he might dream of escape when life grew unbearable. He deftly sketches the Erskine publishing house where Richard worked as travelling salesman, the champagne supper he and his brother, a vaudeville actor, gave in Chicago for a troupe of midgets, his meeting with Minnie Hutzler, stationery buyer for a Detroit department store, and how he went into business for himself as a result of that meeting. He describes his courtship and marriage, his brother-in-law whose idea of chivalry was to leave books for women and children, his nocturnal prowls with Peke the dog.

About the somewhat bewildered head of Richard Roe, we hear domestic thunder crash, we see the lightnings of discord flare palely. His wife, superbly possessive, recklessly jealous, revenges herself on Richard for life's slights and shocks, and inoculates their daughter with her own venom. Shady Shad, his brother, stoops to blackmail. God help the poor sailor on such a stormy sea. But Richard has his compensations. He has his comfortable masculine friends. He has his business with its snug sense of order in chaos, its eccentric Irish bookkeeper, its gay, beautiful, and completely mad telephone operator. Above all he has Minnie Hutzler, his secretary, sometimes his mistress, always his comforter, a magnificently vital and earthy creature who watches over him like a divine Providence, even to the supreme sacrifice of looking plain when his wife visits the office. For in this book, as not seldom in life, the good women are bad, the bad women good.

So played upon by incalculable forces, soothed and guarded by ribald angels, rooked by those he loves, with vipers in his bosom and a crown of glory on his head, Richard Roe staggers toward death, an absurd and glorious microcosm, an Unknown Soldier in a Thirty Years' War.

Told thus baldly the story appears to lack continuity, flow, and melodic line. It does. "Human Being" is essentially a series of observations, episodes, and portraits, but the observations are acute, the episodes enchanting, the portraits unforgettable. If at the end, in spite of all accumulated detail, Richard Roe remains nebulous in contrast to the characters around him, it is because he is less a man than a symbol, one of the millions of quiet, honest, unobtrusive citizens, shrewd, childlike, and romantic, content with little and lost without love.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

GREENBANKS. By DOROTHY WHIPPLE. *Farrar & Rinehart.*
A novel of English family life, with a grandmother for heroine, and a serene and mellow outlook on life.

THE VICTORIAN SUNSET. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. *Morrow.*
A survey of Victorianism from 1870 to 1900.

THE FURIOSO. By LEONARD BACON. *Harpers.*
A narrative poem, salted with satire, which takes d'Annunzio as its hero.

This Less Recent Book:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A highly interesting record of the life of a crusading journalist.

Seven Stories

THE HAUNTED MIRROR. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

MISS ROBERTS'S recent work has given occasion for considerable doubt in the minds of her readers; it is frequently difficult to know whether her writing informs reality with its special genius, or whether she is engaged in no more profitable task than spinning a shimmering web of words about the empty husk of an emotion. It becomes more and more arduous for the reader to feel himself into her people, to identify their very esoteric reactions and intuitions with his own experience. "Her hand under the breast of the quiet fowl, warm in the soft down that covered the eggs, she stopped, listening for some fact that might be more true than the fact of her hand." "The dusty stones of the road were misty with their own defeat as they sank out of the light and carried understanding with them. . ." This group of seven stories, with the possible exception of two, will not help to resolve the difficulty.

There can be no question of the author's skill; she has a way with words that almost, but not quite, makes of them a musical pattern whose meaning, if any, is quite independent of their integral beauty. But her grasp of human character remains at a level. All Miss Roberts's people share her own hypersensitivity; it may perhaps remain a moot question, but one wonders whether the interests of character-construction are best served by what may be a virtue in the author but seems completely out of key in her creatures. No matter how unlettered, no matter how fundamentally uncultured they may be in actual life, the author instils into them her own sensibilities; they are aware of ethical, intellectual, emotional, and even mystical distinctions; they seem to live in an impalpable mist of abstruse emotions; they are, in fact, not quite human and at the same time more than human. Yet the stories in which they appear have in themselves no solidity of plot or emotion, they leave the reader with a sense of suspension, as though a magician had for a half-hour skilfully and excitingly worked his audience up to an unprecedented pitch of expectation, with esoteric mumbo-jumbo, and then performed nothing more than a familiar trick. These stories deal with smaller and smaller segments of experience, each neatly crystallized and presented in a perfect cadre, yet serving rather to dilute the emotions of the reader than to heighten his experience through the illumination of a brilliant talent. In much of her work Miss Roberts seems to be writing in a vacuum, untouched by the rumor of the outside world.

"Death at Bearwallow" and "Children of the Earth" furnish welcome exceptions. The former an acute analysis of valid emotion experienced in the presence of death; the second a soundly constructed and vividly executed genre picture, they both give welcome evidence of a tendency in the author which might well be consciously developed: a sense of life, as apart from any recondite fiddling with the minutiæ of specialized sensation.

Appropos of the apparent failure in London of Shaw's "To Good to Be True" the London *Observer* quotes the producer as saying:

"Assume it has been a failure—why should we have run only six weeks, and Mr. Shaw's last play, 'The Apple Cart,' have run ten months? Well, there are various possible reasons.

"There is the reason of the construction of the play. The old man can turn out streams of dialogue—and of eloquence—these days; but he is always getting engaged in controversies, and giving interviews, and writing articles, and there is no doubt that he does not take the time to think out the plot and the balance and the intricacies, the *design* of a play as he used to. . . .

"It must not be forgotten that the play was written as much as a year ago. If it had been produced then it would have corresponded with the pessimism of the times." But that no longer holds true.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Upper Broadway

ABOUT 11 o'clock—it's a cool autumn evening—Upper Broadway begins to get ready for bed. The atheist orator, who talks outside the Baptist Church at the corner of 79th Street, has finished his spiel—his 173rd lecture in this year's campaign, he remarks. If it has been a vehement evening, the meeting has broken up into little knots of argument. The lecturer himself, a sharp assured fellow in a rakish soft hat, is skilfully slipping away through the throng. I imagine he's thirsty. "You can't prove there's a Supreme Being," he remarks to an indignant loyalist. "Well, prove there isn't one," is the retort. "Every time science takes a step forward, God takes a step back," says the lecturer. The name of Eddington is mentioned. A lady wedged in the midst of the group is repeating dolefully, "Well then, who made the world?" A sombre young man says to his companion, "What I'm wondering, since we drifted away from religion are we any happier?"

The fruit vendor on that pitch benefits excellently. Theology and argument always lead to the apple, with which they began.

This particular pitch is considered more intellectual than the rival camp on the N.E. corner, where you will find chalked on the paving:

HOBO GROUP
TONIGHT
GOD
ATHISM
POLITICS
THE HUMAN RACE

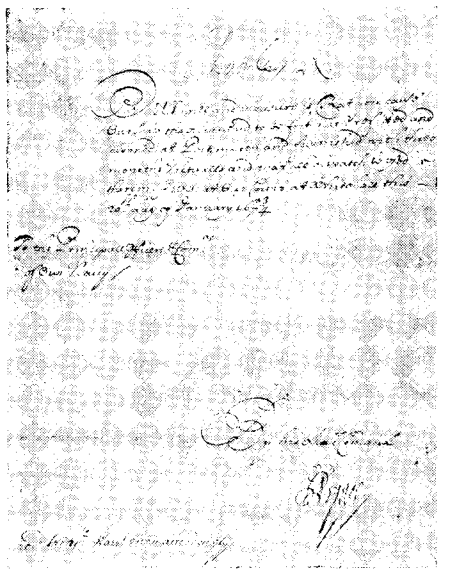
Or perhaps this has been Astrology night. (I believe Atheism and Astrology have some working arrangement by which they take turns.) The Astrology Lady used to chalk her zodiac signs on the pavement, but now she has a cardboard chart and a little folding easel. By 11:30, when you go out for your bedtime stroll—to see if the early *Herald Tribune* is up yet and to wrestle with the temptation of cashew nuts—the broad sidewalk beside Dr. Haldeman's church is empty. Cassandra is folding her easel and rolling up the American flag that every street showman uses for safety. The apple vendor is tacking up his crates; they confer together in a cheerful colleague spirit.

There are only a few lights in the great flank of the Apthorp—a dozen lighted windows, to be exact. This is a dull year for the special policemen in Confederate uniforms that guard the austere inner courtyard. Not nearly so many big cars rolling in and out.—The dark-browed law student at the Broadway Star Market is getting in some good licks at his notes on Contracts and Torts as he sits in the cashier's cage. A few minutes past twelve the lights are snapped off at Schulte's and in the Nauheim drugstores. Cassandra, joined by another lady who looks like her sister, has trudged off down Broadway toward 72nd Street. The big procession of midnight trucks has begun, headed by the huge vans of Sheffield Farms bringing the morning milk. On the curb, in a dim stretch of pavement below the famous old Belleclaire, I discover two empty bottles standing, probably discarded from a smart roadster that was parked there a few minutes ago. One ginger ale, one rye.

Upper Broadway lives on rich food, I surmise, and pays its penalties cheerfully. To a delicatessen dealer slicing some turkey sandwiches I remarked that this was a little early for the Thanksgiving fowl. "Oh, this is a turkey *neighborhood*," he said; "they eat it all the year round." Such ecumenical variety of meats and sweets and spices in the windows must account for the tall canisters of Bicarbonate of Soda, 5 lbs. for 24c, and the packages of Abnehm Tea—"herbs imported from Germany to reduce overweight." In the Crystal Market they are fixing up the display for Friday—Jumbo Shrimps, and flounders tucked in delicate curls among cracked ice, surrounded by sprays of fern. In another window I see the horrific allure "Waffles Buried in Crushed Fruit." Further to stimulate the gastric zone are the Port and Sherry Tonics from Egg Harbor City, "Not to be used as a beverage." Bravely the Diabetic Grocer tries to antidote these gluttonies with jars of Fatless Spread, Meatless Soup, Dietetic Grape Jelly, Dietetic Mayonnaise, and that elastic gluten bread.—It is a difficult region for the hungry.

This competitive civilization, if that's what it is being called nowadays, offers plenty of awkward paradoxes. It is disturbing, on a raw night, to see the little shacks of the Bonus Camp down along the riverside, and then just round the corner on 72nd Street the great abandoned hospital building which could easily shelter them all. There's one chap, near the 79th Street pier, living in a battered old sailboat cast up in a gully. Another, in gay spirits, has propped up one of those profile cut-outs of a bungalow and shrubbery, such as florists and realtors use for signs in the country. By one theory, which I sometimes hear argued on bus-tops, the Bonus Campers are having a good time and don't need to live there if they don't want to. I don't pretend to know the truth. Even the most talented civilizations—bees, ants, beavers—have occasionally failed to solve some of their problems. What reason is there to suppose that man can do so much better?

But I often say to myself that in spite of its paradoxes and errors the Capitalist System has shown a great deal of flexibility, and capacity for absorbing shocks. If the poison of nationalism can be medicined (it ought to be possible to take out swollen patriotisms as you take out tonsils), I still think the present system is a hopeful basis to work on. I can forgive it much for creating an institution like Woolworth's—which is good art, good fun, and good merchandise.



"OUR SHIP THE MERMAID."

Our eccentric Colleague P. E. G. Quercus is always writing about Mermaids. Now we are able to put over a beat on him. Mr. G. N. Northrop, of the Chicago Latin School, is kind enough to allow us to reproduce a document he owns—a naval order signed both by Charles II and Samuel Pepys. It reads thus:

CHARLES R

Our will and pleasure is, That you cause Our ship the Mermaid to be forthwith refitted and cleaned at Portsmouth, and furnished with three moneths Victualls, and that all dispatch be used therein. Given at Our Court at Whitehall this 20th day of January 167¾.

To the Principall officers & Com'rs of Our Navy

By his Ma'ys Comand
S. PEPYS

Mr. Northrop justly says of this, "I have seldom, if ever, seen an item that combined *multum in parvo so pleasantly for* a 17th century bibliophile."

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, in the introduction to *The Best Short Stories* of 1932: "1930 inaugurated the period of artistic maturity in the American short story."

It seems a little absent-minded to forget Hawthorne and Bret Harte and Steve Crane and O. Henry and Mary E. Wilkins—and several others.

Mr. O'Brien's biographical notes on contemporary short story writers always give me a quiet moody tweak. He thinks very highly of a young Philippine writer who now lives in New York City. "He came to America in the summer of 1930, and graduated from the University of New Mexico. He is very unacademic because he believes academicism cramps the soul. As for the Philippines, he cannot stand the old-maidishness of its outlook on things."

Something about that gorgeous memorandum makes me feel very elderly.

A NATIVE EGGSHELL

During Don Marquis's temporary absence from these pages on account of illness I ask permission to mention an episode of sentiment. A delightful lady came into the *Saturday Review* office with an old book carefully wrapped in tissue paper. It was found in a second-hand box in Atlanta (perhaps at Miller's famous bookstore?), and when Miss Catherine Miles saw the name written in it her heart leaped up.

It is a battered old copy of *A Textbook of Rhetoric* by Brainerd Kellogg, A.M., LL.D., published 1891. Inscribed in a bold young fist is *Don Marquis, Aug.* 29, 1893. In the usual schoolboy fashion the name is written several times, experimenting in various slopes and sizes; even in reversed looking-glass writing; and then, in a style slightly more mature, *D. Marquis, still alive Jan.* 20, 1899. (Bless his heart!)

Mr. Marquis has told us that he left school at 15, so this must have been one of his final textbooks. (He probably parted with it when he was a newspaper man in Atlanta.) It contains the usual notations *"To here"* marking assigned lessons, and casual scribbles indicating classroom conversation, such as *What did you say?* and *As I listen to the buzzing of the wheel within your head*—which sounds like the beginning of a poem, hastily broken off when the teacher came too close. Lesson 63 is specially marked; the Old Soak would be startled by this. The instruction is: "Bring in as many idioms of expression, without any taint of vulgarity upon them, as you have time to find." This is amusing in the case of a writer who has shown himself so deep and rare a master of the vulgate in its finest and richest, and also of simple moving piety.

The passages in Kellogg's *Rhetoric* that one might have expected to give Mr. Marquis a premonitory prickle—Lesson 70, for instance, with its somewhat laborious analysis of Wit and Humor—show no signs of study. But on page 225 the boy Don showed a flash of his native quality. Dr. Kellogg said: "The works of literature cannot be rightly read till we know under what circumstances they were written, what was the author's natural fitness for his task, and what were his limitations." This passage is severally pencilled, and in the margin speaks Young Illinois—*how damned idiotic!*

In Lesson 84, MATTER FOR FURTHER STUDY—how long a lesson 84 has proved to be for most of us—Dr. Kellogg justly remarked that any attempt to eliminate the Latin element from our modern tongue and go back to Anglo-Saxon roots would be an "attempt to squeeze the full-grown fowl into its native eggshell." This amused his pupil. "Its *native* eggshell!" he writes. And as I look at this battered old *Rhetoric* from the schoolroom of Walnut, Bureau County, Illinois, I say to myself with affection and homage, a fragment of Don's native eggshell. And remind myself also, how little of literature can be learned from textbooks.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

When Ghosts Walk

BATH. By EDITH SITWELL. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILMARTH LEWIS

IT is surprising that Bath has not been the subject of more pot-boilers. Even a list of the medicines prescribed by the local Profession is good for pages of the most delightful reading—only think, Essence of Vipers! Half a page can be given over to the Indian names of those mysterious fabrics Gainsborough's ladies wore—sallampores and soosies, chelloes and mamoodies, bulchauls and gorgorans. How the ghosts of a long summer day

EDITH SITWELL

glided over the lawns at Prior Park! How they shimmered "when the moonlight sighed like a sea in the gardens" (Miss Sitwell); and, oh, when the ladies wore garments "woven by the air-thin fingers of Alexander Pope's sylphs"—thus ensuring their participation in Bath's chief commodity, rheumatism. The scent of cherry blossoms, the notes of the nightingales, the singing fiddles, and the fluting flutes, all was moon-madness and witchery. Johnson and Goldsmith, Walpole and Chesterfield, Fanny Burney and Jane Austen, Sterne, Smollett, and Sheridan—it makes the blood flow faster in the veins of those who love the past. Dear Bath! How surprised they would be, these old ghosts, if they knew we longed to share their lives—that is, their eighteenth century lives, not their present ones, of course, because it must be dreary being a ghost even if in breeches of velvet or a dress of baguzzee. Sad things, ghosts, but fascinating, too.

This review, to be thoroughly disagreeable, should stop there, but Miss Sitwell must be given credit for bringing together a great many good excerpts from eighteenth century literature. It is only when she herself steps in to maintain a pitch of roguish ecstasy that one longs for the end of goo-goo books, sentimentalizing an age wonderfully like our own. She is not often at fault when she confines herself to fact, but if the book should ever be reprinted she should certainly divorce George and Elizabeth Montagu. Nothing could have delighted the eighteenth century more than the knowledge that it was to be recorded in the twentieth century that the humorous inveterate, bachelor was married to the Queen of the Blues.

Osbert Burdett has been discussing in *John o' London's Weekly* the question as to whether it is rash to marry an author. In the course of his article he says: "Since an author lives upon his nerves, and to that extent is probably a greater problem to himself than (in his great matter of self-control) are other selves to other people, it follows that he must be, probably, less easy to live with than folk less preoccupied with the critical observation of whatever pricks their brains and hearts. An author is not merely a mirror reflecting experience. He is a prism, analyzing, sifting, and codifying everything that comes, even unconsciously, within the focus of his refractivity."

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The Abnormal in Fact and Fiction

Mental Illness

BEHIND THE DOOR OF DELUSION. By INMATE WARD 8. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.

I LOST MY MEMORY: The Case as the Patient Saw It. London: Faber & Faber. 1932.

Reviewed by JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

PSYCHIATRISTS nowadays are constantly telling people that there is no difference between physical illness and mental illnesses, that both mental illnesses and physical illness are reactions of the same personality and that they should be treated in the same commonsense objective manner. This is all very well. Nevertheless there is a great difference in the results of physical and mental illness. The man who is physically ill, unless he is suffering from some infectious disease, does not have to be isolated. If his disease becomes chronic he is usually able to remain at home and in some measure to take care of himself. The mentally ill, however, are supposed to be no longer able to take care of themselves at all. They cannot be fitted into the stereotyped pattern of ordinary social life. There arises, therefore, in mental illnesses the whole question of custodianship which greatly complicates the situation.

"Behind the Door of Delusion" is a book that must prove distressing and disappointing to every conscientious psychiatrist. Here is a man of sound mind, a sufferer from recurrent attacks of alcoholism, who has himself committed as "insane" to a State Hospital. He remains in that hospital a year. One would suppose that during that time he might learn something about mental illness and the way in which it is regarded by modern psychiatrists. As a matter of fact he does not seem to have learned anything at all. He is interested perhaps in the physical side of the treatment, such as the new treatment for paresis or for poliomyelitis, but he has gained no conception at all of what mental illness really is.

Among psychiatrists the words "insane" or "insanity" are taboo. They represent an outworn idea of mental illness which has become associated with the horror and dread of centuries of false tradition. In this book, however, these words appear on almost every other page. Perhaps the most appalling chapter is that on "Our Sane Insane." The commitment of a mentally ill person is a very serious thing. Unfortunately in many states, today, any two psysicians, who may know nothing at all about mental illness, can sign the papers that rob a person automatically of his civil rights, of his power of self-determination, and that may have in the future very serious legal consequences. It is hard to understand how a conscientious physician could have signed the commitment papers that committed the mentally sound author of this book and certified that he was "suffering from a mental disease that required enforced residence in a mental hospital and that was dangerous to the community." Physicians often do not realize the seriousness of a commitment. If a patient be committed while really of sound mind or if he be committed because of a mental illness from which he ultimately recovers, the fact of this commitment may at some future time be used to invalidate a will that he made in later years in perfect clearness of consciousness.

"Inmate Ward 8" pays a well deserved tribute to the attendants of his State Hospital who bear the real brunt of the custody of the patients. His hospital seems to have been unusually fortunate in the type of attendants that it was able to secure. In the whole book, however, there is scarcely anything about the physicians who are in charge of the hospital. One hears nothing about their visits and nothing about the efforts of treatment except in cases of paresis and poliomyelitis.

The most illuminating chapter is perhaps the chapter that deals with sterilization. Of course, sterilization is frequently misunderstood. The average man believes that sterilization robs him forever of his power of cohabitation and deprives him of all sexual reactions. This is of course untrue. A sterilized patient is simply forced by surgery to maintain for the rest of his life the popular ideals of birth control.

"Inmate Ward 8" is, or was, a newspaper man, and he writes with the facility and at the same time with the inaccuracy and verbosity of a reporter. Had he submitted some of his chapters to one of his former city editors, I feel sure that these chapters would have been shorter and that a blue pencil would have been used rather frequently.

The book should teach some sound lessons to every psychiatrist, namely, that our State Hospitals, so called, are still not really hospitals at all, that the men in charge of them are expected to do an utterly impossible job, and that our present manner of dealing with chronic or deteriorating cases of mental illness is antiquated and cruel and unscientific.

The other book, "I Lost My Memory," is a book of an entirely different type. It is well written. It is objective and, although it is much too long, it is decidedly interesting. The case described is a real loss of memory. As the preface says, "real losses of memory are very rare." People who are said to suffer from amnesia are usually suffering from a depressive psychosis or from "transient attacks of confusion or mild delirium."

A clear cut loss of memory, such as is described in these pages, is a psychological reaction "partly defensive and partly fugitive," and it is caused by some intolerable situation that the patient is utterly unable to face. The writer was a man who had successfully passed through the stress of the Great War, had taken up a teaching position, had done some writing, and who had a devoted wife and one son. Apparently "the lust for change," that is so typical of middle age, came upon him. He gave up his old work and started on an entirely new type of activity. He found, however, that in this new type of activity he could find no permanent employment. Months of disappointment followed. The sense of frustration grew. In April, 1931, he started out with his wife on a journey to the north. While he was waiting for a motor bus he went out to buy some tobacco. He did not return. The next thing that he remembers is the sound of machine gun fire on the right of a road on which he was walking in the country. Some territorial troops were manœuvering near by. He knew what they were; he knew his own name; but in his memory there was a complete gap of twenty years. He could remember all the events of his life up to his twenty-first birthday. From that period on everything was a blank. He was like a man who had been in prison for twenty years and who had known nothing about the economic developments, the inventions, and achievements of the world during the period of his imprisonment. The book then describes the way in which the patient reacted to the new world in which he found himself. He belonged, so far as memory went, to the world of 1911, and he found himself in the world of 1931. The writer gives a detailed analysis of the way in which his memory gradually returned.

The Agony of the Unlike

GIANTS SHOULD BE GELDED. By BOGART CARLAW. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MR. CARLAW has written a book to show the tragedy of the too unlike. Several years ago Walter de la Mare told the story of the struggles of a midget in a world of what seemed to her giant-like creatures: Mr. Carlaw's hero moves through a world of pigmies in comparison with his own great height, but pigmies who are powerful against him. There is a bitterness in the American volume that was lacking, or more subtly suggested, in the English one. "Giants Should Be Gelded" lets the reader off from nothing of the misery, the ugliness, or the havoc that break out uncontrolled when nature goes wild for a few moments in her calculations.

The book opens with a sudden, flashed picture, terrible and unforgettable, of a little boy smoking determinedly through his retching sickness because at school he has heard that smoking will stunt the growth. He is not yet ten years old and is as big as an ordinary man. This scene with its sordid details, its pitiful and futile hope, sets the keynote for the book, for the life of the giant. Boyhood is a succession of disappointments and humiliations. Wanting only to be like other people, the boy goes through the agony of school life marked out for isolation, a target for pity or derision. At college, strangely, he finds his place and comes nearer to happiness than at any time in his life. His fraternity is proud of him, he is proud of the naturalness of his life. But once college is left behind, life is again snapping at his heels as he hurries from one unhappy rebuff to another. The chance Nietzschean suggestion of a friend turns him to pride and drink, and his power for destruction becomes suddenly and terribly apparent. A man almost ten feet high and strong in proportion cannot run amok and leave no trail behind.

Escaping the damage and threat of the city that refused him a simple livelihood, the giant finds himself on a farm where he can work himself tired and where for a time he believes himself about to be a father, the father of a giant, he hopes. Pride swells within him. He has not yet learned his lesson; that nothing will ever come simply or naturally to him. With the shattering of his hope and his pride he strikes out again. We see him last walking down a Paris street with Kruger, the circus midget, perched on his shoulder. They will be billed "The Largest and Smallest on Earth." The giant has given up the unequal conflict. There is no use trying to be like other people; in despair, he will capitalize his hated difference, and meanwhile there is a little warmth, a little comfort to be had from the tiny man upon his shoulder.

In the telling the story becomes a little reiterative. The truth is so apparent that each new objectification of it comes as something expected. There is so obviously no way out that any suspense is impossible. But the realism of each of the episodes gives to them a disturbing quality and puts the reader sharply at one with this gigantic automaton who has been wound up and started on a road which has at the end only the words "No Thoroughfare."

With Documents, edited by Paul M. Angle, Secretary of the Lincoln Memorial Association, that include thirty hitherto unpublished letters written by Mrs. Lincoln.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TRUMBULL STICKNEY

WHEN I commented a short time ago upon Mark Van Doren's acumen in selecting a certain poem of Trumbull Stickney's for inclusion in his new anthology, I did not mean to intimate that he was the only anthologist to include the late Mr. Stickney's work. But Stanley Burnshaw the poet, who resides in Ithaca, N. Y., apparently got that impression, so I print here his statement in a recent letter to me:

"I first was directed to Stickney by Conrad Aiken's anthology of *American Poetry 1671-1928* which was printed four years ago. There are six superb Stickney poems (pages 215-220) with the following titles:

In Ampezzo.
Be still. The hanging gardens were a dream. . . .
Live blindly. . . .
He said: 'If in his image I was made. . . .
On some shells found inland.
Mt. Lykaion.

"In Kreymborg's *Lyric America* three of the above are included. I send this note to you hardly in any impertinent spirit, but rather out of a kind of loyalty to a book and poet that have been responsible for incomparable pleasure in poetry."

LAURO DE BOSIS

I several times encountered the young Italian poet and liberal patriot, Lauro de Bosis, while he was in New York. Now the Oxford University Press publishes his choices for *The Golden Book of Italian Poetry*. This editing he did before that fatal flight over Rome from which he was never to return. He was the son of the poet, Adolfo de Bosis, translator of Shelley, himself a remarkable man, and his wife, Lillian Vernon, an American of English origin. Two years ago young de Bosis embarked on a political enterprise against Fascism. In October of last year he flew over Rome, scattering in its streets many thousands of leaflets, appealing to the citizens of Rome to rise in defense of liberty against what he conceived to be a despotic government. For some twenty minutes he avoided pursuing planes; but his death remains a mystery, as he never returned. He had left behind him a remarkable document, "The Story of My Death," so that his purposes might be known in case disaster overtook him. It was published in the London *Times*, in the New York *Times*, and in various European papers last October. His was a fine and courageous spirit. His anthology will be reviewed in a later issue and in another part of this periodical.

SOME ANTHOLOGIES

I am in receipt of a few other anthologies. Two of these come under the head of patriotic poetry. *My Country*, being poems of history for young Americans, is compiled by Burton Egbert Stevenson and published by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Stevenson is well known for his compilation of *The Home Book of Verse*. In *My Country* he labels our late wars as "Crusades." "The Crusade against Spain," "The Crusade against Germany." I myself think the less said about crusades the better. We have learned too much concerning the complicated roots of wars by now. The best poems on warfare written in America were called forth by our own Civil War over here. Mr. Stevenson includes them, and also the best two poems, each with a very different message, published at the time of the Spanish War. The first of these, of course, is William Vaughn Moody's "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," the second Joseph I. C. Clarke's "The Fighting Race." The sole distinguished poem included here in our last chapter of wars is Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." There is a great deal of journalistic rubbish in the book, exhibiting the worst aspects of chauvinism both old and new. *Taps*, or famous poems of the World War, compiled by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Grantland Rice, and illustrated by the fine drawings of Captain John Thomason (Doubleday, Doran), is of a somewhat better order. It has less bunk in it and shows better taste in verse. Most of the verse is of no very high order, but Kipling and Sassoon and Brooke, Sir Henry Newbolt and Edwin Arlington Robinson are represented, and A. P. Herbert's lighter mood is welcome. Also we heartily commend the inclusion of A. A. Milne's "From a Full Heart," a humorous peace poem that should be a classic for all time.

Poems for Enjoyment, edited by Elias Lieberman, is a most miscellaneous collection of ten sections which are respectively entitled: Poetry and Prose, The Music of Poetry: Rhythm, The Lyric, Narrative Verse, Condensed Forms, The Sonnet, French Verse Forms, Light and Humorous Verse, Free Verse, (and I am glad in this section that he has begun by quoting several of the Psalms), and Some Great Themes of Poetry. The prose introductions to each section, discussing in their turn the different kinds of poetry make this a book from which it will be easy to teach the elementary study of poetry in general, with examples. The ground has already been well gone over, but, if not particularly distinguished, this is not a bad primary textbook. Its informality, and its occasional individual choices, for all the well-worn ground, should be noted.

Thomas Moult has again selected *The Best Poems*, now of 1932 (Harcourt), a nice little book with pretty decorations by Elizabeth Montgomery. He and L. A. G. Strong do separate selections of the best poems every year, and no great importance is to be attached to it. The poems are "best" in the opinion of the individual compiler who searches through current British, Irish, and American journals. Some good work comes to light and some mediocre. Poets herein selected from range all the way in age from "A.E." to Frances Frost. There is much that is in all probability quite ephemeral. *Stardust and Holly*, poems and songs of Christmas, has been selected for the Macmillan Company by Dorothy Middlebrook Shipman. It is an attractive little book for the Christmas trade. There are included some fine old carols and one quite remarkable contemporary one, namely, Alfred Noyes's "The Carol of the Fir Tree." Louise Imogen Guiney's beautiful "Tryste Noël" and that exquisite old carol attributed to Martin Shaw, entitled "I Sing of a Maiden," Southwell's "The Burning Babe," and Francis Thompson's "Ex Ore Infantium" are other fine things in this collection.

THE FURIOSO

Although it will be reviewed at length elsewhere in this periodical, I wish to speak in passing of Leonard Bacon's *The Furioso* which tells in poetic form the story of a great romantic Latin whose fame as a man-of-letters, as a patriot, and as a lover is known to the whole world. Mr. Bacon has to his credit a most original achievement. He has written a book of fine irony and in certain passages of great beauty. He has handled his material with profound astuteness. Among the poets of today Leonard Bacon occupies a unique position. He is without competitors on his own ground, the extended satire in verse. And it is extremely doubtful whether any competitor could best him on that ground. The only other poet I can think of who has attempted similar satire is Roy Campbell, the South African, in *The Wayzgoose*, and his hand is heavier.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

Bruce Humphries of Boston is a publisher rather new to us who, at the same time, has published such interesting poets as George Brandon Saul and Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, and has brought out Albert Bloch's translation of the poems of the German Karl Kraus. These are not exactly major achievements, but the poetry list of Bruce Humphries, Inc., at 470 Stuart Street, Boston, is not one entirely to overlook. And now, with the publication of *Afternoons in Eden* by Amanda Benjamin Hall, it takes on an added distinction. Miss Hall has been writing for some years and has several books already to her credit. She possesses a simplicity that is never banal and projects her own individuality. Her feeling for language sometimes results in most fortunate expressions. I think many people who enjoy the unobtrusively adept and such nice phrase as is to be found, for instance, in the poem "Old House," will take this book to heart. Miss Hall offers us verse that may be compared to carefully mulled wine. Again, the delicate charm of her writing is difficult to describe. It has the freshness that persists in fine old ballads and carols. If it is not particularly of today, there is nothing stale about it, and in a wise, childlike way her work is different from that of her contemporaries.

No. 6

The VIKING *Galley*

"In that remarkable galaxy of talent and genius formed by writers of the contemporary South, no star is more brilliantly ascendant than that of Elizabeth Madox Roberts. She is an artist in whom there is an extraordinary blending of delicacy and power that is nowhere more clearly exhibited than in this collection of her short stories."—J. Donald Adams, in The New York Times.

The
HAUNTED MIRROR
by ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Lewis Mumford in *The Atlantic Monthly* says: *"Obscure Destinies* and *The Haunted Mirror* are perhaps the most satisfactory works of fiction of the current year." Once again the brilliant author of *The Time of Man* and *The Great Meadow* has proved herself one of the great American writers of our day. $2.50

Edith Olivier, whom Saturday Review readers will remember for her lovely novel DWARF'S BLOOD, will have a new novel early in January: MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS.

The JOURNAL *of*
ARNOLD BENNETT
[1911-1920]

"You simply can't afford to miss a page of this book. It is fascinating as a record of times and of people, as a glimpse of the working of one of the most effective writers of our time. But that is only part of its charm; the core of it lies in the exuberance of the spirit of Arnold Bennett himself. In its pages he is more vital than any character he himself created. His journal is an affirmation of faith and joy in living that few have the power to realize. He wrote, he painted, he talked, and more than all these, he lived. . . . It is this gusto and zest for experience which brings excitement to this journal as it does to Arnold Bennett's novels."—Mary Ross, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. With several drawings, $4.00.

For a cure-all to the blues, we recommend LAUGHING THROUGH THE ORIENT by Bruce Bairnsfather, the famous writer and cartoonist, a laughing saga of Old Bill, hero of "The Better 'Ole," to China, Japan, India, Africa and points east, a laugh riot of prose and pictures.

ETRUSCAN PLACES
by D. H. LAWRENCE

"It could scarcely have been more interesting or delightful. . . . One will set this book, with its many beautiful illustrations, side by side with 'Twilight in Italy' and 'Sea and Sardinia.'"—H. E. Bates, *The New Clarion*. "Unusually interesting."—Herbert Gorman, *N. Y. Eve. Post*. "Must be read by anyone who cares for living words."—Rebecca West, *Daily Telegraph*. Handsomely illustrated. $3.75

Grand Duchess Marie, author of A PRINCESS IN EXILE and EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS, will leave shortly for Hollywood where she will help superintend the filming of the latter book by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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—Oliver La Farge
Author of *Laughing Boy*

"JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS is not only an Indian (a member of the Osage tribe) but a white man, trained in the culture of both America and Europe, with an artist's eye and a poet's gift of expression."—*Kenneth C. Kaufman.* Says *Mary Austin,* in *The Saturday Review*—"Succeeds in translating the tribal mood more successfully than any Indian record which has yet been produced." And *Stanley Vestal,* biographer of Sitting Bull, adds—"His Indians are genuine, his scenes exciting, his descriptions of nature sheer poetry."

WAH' KON-TAH

By JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for November. First Ptg. 49,000. $2.50. *University of Oklahoma Press*—Norman

*Foreign Literature**

By LION FEUCHTWANGER

THE statement has been made over and over again that fiction has had its day. First because of the movie, then because of the radio, then because of the increasing economic distress, and yet again because of the ever growing impact upon society of the terrible and soul-destructive events which everywhere, but especially in Germany, have held sway. But the pessimistic croak without justification. Fiction is still alive, indeed is healthier than ever before. According to the statistics of booksellers and circulating librarians a far greater number of persons than before the war now pass their time in reading fiction. There is actual need for fiction in the world today; it is important for its well-being that it be read.

This necessity does not arise from the emptiness of heart or mind which drives the masses to military spectacles or the demonstration of political spellbinders. I submit in evidence of this statement the fact that it is not the stories of horror, the detective tales, or the lightly entertaining romances which bulk largest in the interest of the average reader. Surprisingly enough for the millions of copies of an Edgar Wallace read there are many more millions of the Upton Sinclairs, Remarques, Sinclair Lewises, Galsworthys, Thomas Manns. Since the war the reader has sought something besides entertainment in his fiction.

As a matter of fact, what non-fiction offers to the present-day reader is information in certain definite fields, but no general perspective on life. For such a view of the world he must go to fiction. Of it he demands that it bring the scattered findings of knowledge into some pattern of living. The great majority of cultured readers turn to fiction as a substitute for philosophy and religion, hoping from its analysis of emotions to receive assistance in orientating themselves toward life.

If contemporary fiction is desirous of meeting these demands upon it, it must achieve a different content and form from pre-war romance. It goes without saying, of course, that the essence of contemporary fiction must remain what has been the *sine qua non* of the novel at all times —the author's philosophy of life. But this philosophy of life will have effectiveness with the reader of the day only if it is shot through with the color of contemporary thinking. It is no accident that the picaresque tale, no matter how startling its incidents, no longer holds the reader. The novel of today sets itself to win his interest in other fashion. It attempts to descend into that shadowy ground from which the emotions spring; it tries to establish the relationship between the actions of men and the forces, unknown to man, which are his inheritance from the past. (Joyce, Döblin, Thomas Mann, Maugham, Hemingway, Lawrence.) Or it reverses the process, and takes not an individual, but an event, or an entire period, and endeavors to depict the relationship of the individual to his time and the people about him. (Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Galsworthy, Arnold Zweig, Heinrich Mann, Reger, Fallada, Tynjanow, Ehrenburg, Tretjakov.)

In practically all the novels which have been of importance to contemporary literature two main themes stand out. The first is: how far will a man's action be influenced by his inheritance as against his knowledge and his desires? The second is: to what extent is the individual, voluntarily or involuntarily, under the influence of society as a whole?

The post-war novel is psychological and sociological. It makes use of the findings of Charles Darwin (Jensen, Wells), Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Albert Einstein. It is successfully trying to convert this scientific knowledge into a philosophy of life.

It is self-evident that contemporary fiction is international. Since economic frontiers have ceased to coincide with linguistic, and not a politically defined state but the entire earth has become the home of society, the story of purely nationalistic import has had a hard time. It measures up against the important novels of the time as a Biedermeier Vitrine with its peasant decorations does against the skyscrapers which modern technical skill erects. From having been a necessity of life it has become a curiosity, a museum piece. With the invention of arms the knight, and with him the knightly chronicle, became senseless; in the place of Lancelot and Parsifal appeared Don Quixote. With the invention of the steam engine and the flying machine an economic-political nationalism became senseless, and with it the purely nationalistic novel. The last great writers whose inner urge compelled them to write only of their country were Thomas Hardy, Gottfried Keller, and Knut Hamsun; the last who could write of nationalistic imperialism with conviction was Rudyard Kipling. Some of the works of d'Annunzio and Maurice Barrès already in their own day smacked somewhat of caricature, and as to German nationalistic writers there are but few critics who regard them as having more than local importance.

It is true, of course, that the important contemporary novelist prefers to take his native land as the background of his tales, but he looks on it not with the eyes of a loyal patriot but with the eyes of a citizen of the world. So Thomas and Heinrich Mann regard Lübeck, Galsworthy London, Döblin Berlin, and Sinclair Lewis the American Middle West.

In order to picture the expanded world of the present, modern fiction has had to employ forms different from those of the novel of the past. Men today, because of the motion picture, are swifter in their perceptions than before, quicker in their reaction to rapidly changing pictures and situations. The novel of today makes use of the fact. It has learnt from the screen. It attempts with success to compress between the covers of a book a far greater number of events than it did in the past; it prides itself on reflecting the manifold aspects of the contemporary world. It presents frequently not only one, or two, or three trains of action, but fifteen or a twenty, without endangering the importance of its main plot. As Elizabethan drama disregarded the unities of place and time, so modern fiction, often with success, breaks the rule in regard to unity of action.

The second formal means which contemporary fiction must use in order to reach its goal, is the presentation of realistic detail. The present-day writer must take into account the fact that his readers, either through their own observation or by means of the motion picture and the radio, are fairly well acquainted with the external appearance of the world. He must, if he is not to imperil the illusion he is creating, arouse a belief in the reader that he has personal knowledge of the things of which he writes. If the reader does not have confidence in the outward circumstances of the world which the author describes he will have no faith certainly in his analysis of the inner life. It does not suffice today for an author to speak of the emotions which he experiences, no matter how genuine they may be. He must depict the things which have called forth these emotions. In that fashion alone can he arouse similar feelings in his reader.

If you will read the foregoing sentence with care, you will see that what I am talking of is the realism of present-day writing. But you will also notice that this new realism of which I am speaking is not an end in itself but the means to an end. It is important at every opportunity to utter a warning against the cheap showmanship which attempts to make realism a goal in itself when it is legitimately nothing more than a springboard to something else. He who proclaims the purpose of contemporary fiction to be to give information as to conditions, or on sociological or psychological questions, is a misinformant. Modern fiction regards that, as did the older novels, as belonging to the province of science and the reporter. Its object is, as it has always been the object of the novel, to convey the author's conception of life. But the novelist of today realizes that he cannot be successful in his purpose unless he has woven the impressions which his study of life has produced into an organic part of his own being. . . .

* *Mr. Feuchtwanger, author of "Power," "Success," and "Josephus," is at present on a lecture tour in this country. The foregoing article by him appeared in* Die Brücke *of the* Berliner Tageblatt.

Efforts are being made to establish a Welsh National Theatre, in the style of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, to encourage Welsh dramatists, artists, and actors.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

SIR D. Y. CAMERON (Masters of Etching). The Studio. $2.
PETER PAUL RUBENS. The Studio. $2.
WARREN NEWCOMBE. By *Merle Armitage*. Weyhe.
THE LITHOGRAPHS OF RICHARD DAY. By *Merle Armitage*. Weyhe.
MAKING AN ETCHING. By *Levan West*. Studio. $2.50.
WOOD-ENGRAVING AND WOODCUTS. By *Claire Leighton*. Studio. $2.50.

Belles Lettres

THE GLOOMY EGOIST. By *Ebaner M. Sickels*. Columbia University Press. $4.75.
FRENCH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *Elliott M. Grant*. Macmillan. $2.50.
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By *Havelock Ellis*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
LITERATURE AND EDUCATION IN EARLY QUAKERISM. By *Luella M. Wright*. University of Iowa Press.
STUDIES IN ENGLISH. Number 12. University of Texas.
HARRIET MARTINEAU. By *Narola Elizabeth Rivenburg*. Philadelphia.

Education

NI ANGE, NI BÊTE. By *André Maurois*. Edited by *Joseph G. Green*. Century. $1.
ANCIENT WRITING AND ITS INFLUENCE. By *B. L. Ullman*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.
ANCIENT EDUCATION AND ITS MEANING TO US. By *J. F. Dobson*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.
AMERICAN GENERAL EDUCATION. By *Andrew Hewing West*. Princeton University Press.
PARENTS AND SEX EDUCATION. By *Benjamin C. Gruenberg*. Viking. $1.
OUR CHILDREN. Edited by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher* and *Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg*. Viking. $2.75.

Fiction

THE HEARTLESS LAND. By JAMES STERN. Macmillan. 1932. $2.

Mr. Stern's stories possess at least one attribute claimed for them: "they have a forcefulness which indicates that they have been written right out of personal experience." They have also the weaknesses inherent in autobiography written out of immediate bitterness, disillusionment, and hatred. In this collection of tales concerned with Rhodesia, it is apparent that the author has not thoroughly digested his material, that he cannot write of bitterness, disillusionment, and hatred from a point of view sufficiently removed from the actual experience of these forces to permit of clarity and artistic integrity. His emotion clouds the scenes of his stories, warps his otherwise very human characters into sentimental creatures largely unrecognizable and difficult to sympathize with.

Considered purely from the standpoint of imaginative power, all eight stories in this book are sadly deficient; all indicate that the "personal experience" has been too literally applied to permit of selection and arrangement. Of the eight here collected, the poorest is "The Cloud" which, all criteria considered, would not do credit to a college undergraduate. The best is undoubtedly "The Force," and while it is limited to the exploitation of a single theme—the effect of loneliness and starved emotion on a man of no more than average sensibilities—it is sufficiently impersonal to be almost universally applicable, seen at enough of a distance to permit of analytic treatment—as a result, it is more than merely earnest, it is moving.

LINDA SHAWN. By ETHEL MANIN. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

In an unusually sensitive and sympathetic study of the nostalgia and premonition of childhood, Miss Manin writes not only the story of the little girl whose name gives the title to the volume, but that of the whole discouraged and careless Shawn family as well. Each character stands out as a whole and each one merges into the composite family portrait. These people are alive; when they disappear from the focal point of the story temporarily they carry on some dark life of their own. They are never laid by until wanted: they merely step out of the spot light from time to time as the story picks out one after another for its purposes.

Ellen Manin is the mother of this family. Life has had almost nothing but disappointment to lay at her feet. From a marriage bright with hope she is granted only the consciousness that she means nothing to the man whose inactivity and indifference had seemed to suggest depth of feeling and reticence. A short time served to dispel all doubt in the matter of the husband's real attitude towards life and the woman he had married. The birth of a son revived the hope in Ellen's tired heart. But this son, too, drew away from so eagerly proffered a love. And it goes on. There is no escape for Ellen. She is not wanted vitally by anyone, she is unable to meet life on its own terms, and her daughter, this Linda Shawn, has her own world to which she withdraws, leaving Ellen once more alone in her frustration.

For Linda the conflict between her parents, the unhappiness of her mother, and the only half-understood derelictions of her brothers beat in upon a consciousness always sensitive to every mood of another. The world lies heavy upon her young awareness. Her only recourse is to turn in upon herself and yet her nature urges her always to go out to others. To open her heart for the wounding. In the ugly, pinched world of the farm with the unease of alien natures close bound by circumstances there is infinite unhappiness for the young watcher of it all. The impact of life upon the sensitive perception of Linda Shawn is the substance of the novel but in giving this Miss Manin gives also the circumscribed universe of an unsuccessful family and the emotions which drive these people to and against each other with so powerful a drive. A book of childhood that adds something to the scanty knowledge we have of that short, troublous period.

SPEARS AGAINST US. By CECIL ROBERTS. Appleton. 1932. $2.50.

Cecil Roberts has written enough novels now for his readers to know what to expect, and he runs so true to form in each volume that no admirer is likely to be disappointed in what lies behind any new title that appears over Mr. Roberts's name. If he does not always look on the bright side of life, he at least looks so brightly on whatever side of life he does turn his attention to, that misfortune and suffering in his work seem merely the dark exceptions to the bright rule. This is an attitude that must always appear an ignoble refusal to face truth to one camp; but another camp of readers will complacently welcome the words of the jacket which say that Mr. Roberts writes novels "that gives you a tightening of the throat and that concede dignity and sincerity to human nature."

"Spears Against Us" is really a post-written volume to which last year's "Pamela's Spring" was, or is, the sequel. It tells the story of two families, one English and one Austrian, whose friendships and beginning romances are struck at blindly by the coming of the war and the long years of alienation necessary to enemy peoples. The first section is an idyll of youth in the Austrian mountains. This part is gay and amusing despite a rather conventional mistress and illegitimate son of the master of the house who live on a near-by minor mountain. Then the war comes and the young men hurry into their separate camps, the English girls into war work, and the Austrian girls into the tortuous paths that were all that the deprivation and ignominy of their position left open to them. After the war the characters who are still alive, find one another again, and the very long arm of circumstance draws them once more together, this time in rather bitter union. If the ending seems dreary, one need only turn to the sequel where some of the young people find happiness after all.

THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN. By JOHN STEINBECK. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

Though advertised as a novel, Mr. Steinbeck's book is rather a collection of short stories unrelated except by the unity of place and the occasional appearance of one or another character in an episode in which he is not primarily featured.

The place: a paradisical valley in California—*Las Pasturas del Cielo*, originally settled by Spanish military. The characters: farmers, merchants, and well-to-do settlers and their families. The stories possess a fairly wide scope, ranging over

(*Continued on next page*)

New Books by Famous Authors

Flowering Wilderness
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the various field of human emotion without plowing it too deeply—loneliness; insanity; poverty; well-being. There is much humor of a tenderly ironic tinge, the book as a whole makes for excellent entertainment and will be extravagantly praised for its apparently objective attitude. Nevertheless, there is an air about it of the case-book—as though its author had made a careful selection of variant human types, jotted down interesting stories of people with whom he was more or less familiar, and dished them up. Many of these tales are slick, many are pat and run smoothly to foregone conlusions. Notable among these are the tales of the Banks poultry farm, the Lopez sisters, Pat Humbert's loneliness, and the frustrated dynastic ambitions of the Whiteside family—narratives which in themselves bear the seeds of richly human fiction, but which in their present form are somehow suspect as the fruit of a journalistic talent rather than of a creative imagination.

YELLOW FLOOD. By *William Ashley Anderson*. McBride. $2 net.

STORM. By *Peter Neagoe*. Paris: Obelisk Press.

YAMA THE PIT. By *Alexandre Kuprin*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. By *Richard Burton*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

HIGHWAYS. By *Elsie Aultman Ballou*. Badger. $2.

APPRECIATION. By *William Lyon Phelps*. Dutton. $1.

RIDERS OF THE NIGHT. By *Eugene Cunningham*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

BEYOND CONTROL. By *Rex Beach*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

LOVE ISN'T IMPORTANT. By *Louise Jerrold*. Page. $2.

BRETHREN OF THE BEACH. By *H. D. Couzens*. Page. $2.

HALF ANGEL. By *Fanny Heaslip Lea*. Dodd,

THE QUIET PLACE. By *Elisabeth Sentcy Payne*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

TALES OF HOFFMANN. Illustrated by *Mario Labocetta*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

SOWING WIND. By *M. Herbert Wolf*. New York: Gage & Moran.

TWO MAIDS GO TO MARKET. By *Lawrence Schwab*. Covici-Friede. $2.

International

THE INCREDIBLE BALKANS. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Putnam. 1932. $3.

This book is a feat of the imagination. Now and then the author sets foot on land he knows; then, from his company of caricatures, there steps out a recognizable figure, usually a peasant or a gypsy. But this happens too infrequently to be worth waiting for.

Miscellaneous

GENERAL GOOBER AT THE BATTLE OF ANACOSTIA. By *Amos Pinchot*. Published by the Author, 101 Park Avenue, New York City. 10 cents.

DAYS FROM A YEAR IN SCHOOL. By *Elsie Abbott*. Revell. $1.25.

IF YOU LIKE HORSES. By *Jacqueline Russell*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

AMERICA, USE YOUR HEAD. By *Henry H. Klein*.

PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED. By *George W. Crane*. Chicago: Northwestern University Press.

THE INVISIBLE POLICE. By *Louis Pendleton*. New York: New-Church Press.

LE GUIDE FRANÇAIS DE LOS ANGELES ET DU SUD DE LA CALIFORNIE (English Edition). Los Angeles: Franco-American Co.

A HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By *Cyril E. Robinson*. Crowell. $3.

Brief Mention

Phillips Russell who has written acceptable books on Franklin and Emerson is the author of *Harvesters* (Brentano, $3.50), brief, biographical sketches of Leonardo, Luther, Cortes, Watt, Jefferson, and others. Mr. Russell is a popularizer in a good sense, and so is Everett Dean Martin whose *The Behavior of Crowds* will be remembered. His new book, *Civilizing Ourselves* (Norton, $3), is a study of intellectual maturity in the modern world, discussing perfectibility of man, the new barbarism, the gospel of science, faith in progress, all against a background of history by which he shows how our modern ideas as well as our modern conditions are rooted in the past. This is a thoughtful book and, like all of Martin's, readable. * * * An attractive collection of facts and evidence with some dynamite included, *Confessions of the Power Trust*, by Carl D. Thompson (Dutton, $5), is substantially a summary of the testimony given in the hearings of the Federal Trade Commission on utility corporations before the United States Senate. It contains a selection of material that has been much used editorially but has not been easily accessible. Here one finds, for example, the testimony as to the pressure brought to bear upon the writers of textbooks to revise out of them statements regarded as damaging to the public utility corporations. Another striking presentation of facts is the material republished from *Fortune* called *Housing America* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), a statement of what is wrong with the housing situation. This, like the last book, will be valuable for reference. *Twenty Years in Tibet* by David Macdonald (Lippincott, $4) is crammed full of information; it is specific, and evidently authoritative. * * * Henry Hazlitt has edited *A Practical Program for America* (Harcourt, Brace, $1), a symposium on banks, unemployment insurance, farms, housing, railroads, etc. * * * The woodcuts are the most striking feature of *Iorana* by Robert Giddings (Houghton Mifflin, $12.50), a gossipy description and narrative of life in Tahiti. * * * Terence and Elsa Holiday have printed for the Holliday Bookshop, New York, *John Dryden: Three Essays*, by T. S. Eliot.

Richard Halliburton, the long bowman, has a very readable narrative of an airplane expedition over the wilder and more picturesque parts of the East and Africa, *The Flying Carpet* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75). * * * Reference books to be noted are, John Bakeless's *Report of the Round Tables and General Conferences at the Twelfth Session of the Williamstown Institute of Politics* (Yale University Press). * * * Also a book published some time ago but not hitherto noticed in this Review, *Ballad Books and Ballad Men*, by Sigurd B. Hustvedt (Harvard University Press, $4), an account of the assembling of the remains of the old ballads under the leadership of the great collectors like Walter Scott and the great scholars like Francis James Child. This book also discusses the work of the Scandinavians. * * * R. H. Wilenski, in a little book called *The Meaning of Modern Sculpture* (Stokes, $3), has issued a challenge to the classicists sculpture which he calls "an essay on some original sculpture of the present day together with some account of the methods of professional disseminators of the notion that certain sculptors in ancient Greece were the first and last to achieve perfection in sculpture." This is a very interesting book for anyone trying to understand what the modernists in sculpture are trying to do. * * * Let us record also Roy Wood Sellar's *The Philosophy of Physical Realism* (Macmillan, $4), a book "in defense of physical realism; and this against idealism, whether subjective or objective, and against positivism, whether pragmatic or logical." * * * Those interested in the art and folk history of Hawaii should note Beatrice Ayer Patton's *Légendes Hawaiiennes* (Paris, Les Belles Lettres), results of the author's three years of original study. The French text is illustrated by interesting woodcuts.

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Points of View

On Anthologists

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: If I understand Mr. Benét correctly, his criticism of certain recent anthologies of poetry is that the anthologists: (1) have not invariably included the right poets; (2) have not given certain poets the proper proportional representation. I feel that he is barking up the wrong tree. My criticism of most of our present-day anthologies is that they have tried so hard to do exactly what Mr. Benét holds that they have not done. Forgetting that an anthology of poetry should be the selection of the best *poems*, they have devoted themselves to the selection of characteristic examples of the work of those whom they conceive to be the best poets. According to their view, if a poet has been duly certified,—by the proper authorities,—to be a poet of adequate importance, some of his work must go in, whether it is relatively interesting or not; and if the best poet is to be represented by twelve poems, of course the second best poet should be represented by eleven, and so on down the line to the mob of only pretty good yet "authentic" poets whose existence must be acknowledged by the inclusion of one short poem per poet.

Poetry lovers are primarily interested in poems, not in anyone's arbitrary classification and ranking of poets. They wish to read poetry, not the new poetry, nor the old poetry, nor the neo-neo poetry, but vital poetry, no matter who the authors thereof may be. They would rather read a fine poem by William Jones than a mediocre poem by William Wordsworth. But today if the best poem of the year or of seven years happened to be the work of one of the unelected, appearing not under the proper auspices but in a daily newspaper, it would have little chance with the anthologist.

It was formerly the just pride of the anthologist to have saved from oblivion the single great poem of an unknown or undistinguished author; but I fear that the lonely masterpiece of the "one-poem man" of today will find no haven in anthologies. The space it should fill will be devoted to giving "proper representation" to the inferior work of one of the properly accredited.

Perhaps the trouble is that whereas earlier anthologies were made for the reader, the modern anthology is largely (and profitably) built for school use, and therefore with one eye on the professor. The anthologist has become less human, as well as less literary, and more academic. He must think in terms of classifications, movements, schools, groups, tendencies, theories, and such abominations instead of thinking simply of poetry which cares for none of these things.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

New York City.

"Gershwin's Song Book"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Because it is cold up here and lonely, and there's been a great deal of saddening rain; and also because I'm too broke to advertise in your enchanting *Personals* column: may I take this inexpensive way of asking for the address and specifications of "the honest music-lover" referred to by Dr. Spaeth in his review of Gershwin's "Song-Book"? Object probably not matrimony: I simply want to marvel at the adytum. But if this is impossible, if the h. m.-l is week-ending on the Atlantic in Robert Hillyer's "Riverhead" canoe—perhaps Dr. Spaeth will clarify his position. Specifically, I want to hear the sob-provoking story of how a group of non-union trombonists with strange names—de Falla, for instance, and Ravel; and Stravinsky and Schoenberg and Lambert, and others even more curious—all went down with the *General Slocum*, leaving Maestro Gershwin the "most vital, the most individual, and the most interesting of all living composers." And then, if the Doctor has time, I should be glad to have an interpretation of his mystical seventh paragraph (where a "background" is both an "ornament" and "fundamental"), and of his metaphysical eighth, which heralds an "actual folk-music produced by highly civilized conditions" (*iolé!*), "yet with all the underlying characteristics of primitive folk-music."

These things interest me, and I am eager to pass them along to my not-too-avid children. But as an honest lover of catachresis, I feel that I should wait until Olympus speaks again. In the mean time, I suggest that the *Review* inform its readers that the "Song-Book" is a very good book, indeed.

Wallingford, Conn. DUDLEY FITTS.

Disagreement

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Professor Paul Elmer More's review of T. S. Eliot's "Selected Essays," which appeared in the issue for November 12th, is a disgusting piece of literary snobbery. Mr. More reports the enthusiasms and the indignations of T. S. Eliot's worshippers with the smug complacency of a pensioned matron who deals in the tittle-tattle of a small-town society column. More lets the door ajar so that we may hear murmurs of the Voice. Alas! we cannot see the Presence. We must thank him, therefore, for telling us that T. S. Eliot shakes "a defiant fist." It comforts us to know that. The fist will, undoubtedly, become a symbol. The whole review is Master Pedant scraping obsequious bows before Sir Plagiarist: "If Mr. Eliot will allow me the honor of calling myself a friend."

The man who dismissed Nietzsche in one peevish and petulant essay considers T. S. Eliot "an unmistakable genius"!

CARL F. STRAUCH.

Muhlenberg College.

De Gustibus

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: *The Saturday Review* occupies a unique place in the realm of American magazines for at least half a dozen reasons. And one of these half dozen reasons is the weekly articles of Carl Purington Rollins. As a force in molding American taste in fine books, he is second to none, in my opinion. Refined acumen is his and understanding, and the sympathy born of understanding, and, above all, a smooth, unclouded style which seizes the technicalities of his art and hammers them out to clarity. He has taught some of us more than any letters of polite praise can suggest.

But this letter is written to censure Rollins, not to praise him. In a recent article (*S. R. L.*, Nov. 12) he indignantly attacks the censorship of "Lady Chatterley"—the complete edition, not the expurgated. Now no one, I think, except a fool or a hypocrite or a petty, prudish soul can feel otherwise toward this great and courageous book, however much one may deplore the author's use of the four-letter words and other trivia. But for Rollins to condemn the prohibition of "Lady Chatterley" because books of equal eroticism and lesser merit are allowed to circulate freely, and then to condemn the latter merely because they are of lesser merit, that is unworthy of him. "Books on sexual matters," he writes, "more or less thinly veiled under the guise of 'medical' treatises, have been allowed to circulate." I reread the sentence in astonishment. Does Rollins mean the works of Van der Velde, Hirshfield, Moll, Long, Bloch, Parke, Kisch, Krafft-Ebing, Forel? If not, surely the good they have done, thanks to non-censorship, must enormously outweigh any possible harm resulting from the free circulation of other sexual works.

Nor is this all. Rollins refers to the American edition of "Merryland" and slams it for the same reason: it is tolerated while Lawrence's masterpiece is banned. My astonishment rises. Here is a facetious gem which, due to its wit and extraordinary literary associations, occupies an unusual position in the erotic literature of England. Moreover, it has been published in a small limited edition, beautifully printed, and sold at a price to restrict its sale. One would take for granted, therefore, that Rollins would delight in it, praise it extravagantly.

De gustibus, we all know, *non est disputandum*, but these are matters not of taste but of judgment. And Rollins is assuredly one of the most judicious of critics. Talleyrand once found the perfect phrase for such errors: "They are worse than crimes. They are blunders."

New York. ESAR LEVINE.

The tenth anniversary of the death of Marcel Proust, the famous French novelist, which falls next month, is to be marked by the inauguration of an Avenue Marcel Proust at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

R. *E. S., Erie, Pa., asks for books that treat of the development of responsibility in children.* This runs throughout the latest book on child-training, one that is also the most important for a long time past: "Our Children" a handbook for parents edited by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sidonie Gruenberg, sponsored by the Child Study Association and published by the Viking Press. Twenty-nine experts write on as many phases of the subject. Anyone at all interested in any of its aspects can open the volume anywhere and find himself caught at once in a paragraph that makes him go on reading. There is a chapter by Benjamin Gruenberg, on sex education, but as this is a subject on which this department is often asked for advice, it should be noted that a new, revised edition of Dr. Gruenberg's standard work, "Parents and Sex Education," appears at the same time as "Our Children" and from the same press. It is, as the preface says, "something more than a set of words"; it is a statement of principles that will enable parents to use their own words.

H. *P. W., Washington, Iowa, wishes books bearing on the subject of women in politics.* "Woman Suffrage and Politics," by Carrie Chapman Catt and N. Shuler (Scribner), was published in 1923, one of the few important books on this subject that have appeared since the passage of the suffrage amendment. The most important of these about politics in England is "The Suffragette Movement," by Estelle Sylvia Pankhurst (Longmans, Green), second daughter of the famous leader; it is a history in detail from earliest efforts toward the franchise to the Act of 1928, and the portraits and character studies of those concerned with the struggle are striking and authoritative. Ray Strachey's "Struggle" (Duffield 1930) is wider in scope, taking in changes in public opinion, laws, and ideals brought about by Mary Wollestonecraft, Nancy Astor, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, the Honorable Mrs. Norton, and others; the English title is "The Cause"; it is a history of the woman's movement in Great Britain, vivid in style and well-illustrated. We did have a history of the woman's party in the United States, an excellent one by Inez Haynes Irwin, but I cannot find record of it in print now. "Uncle Sam Needs a Wife," by Ida Clyde Clarke (Winston), is concerned with government activities.

I should say that the nearest we would come to a history of the efforts of women to get into politics in this country would be through R. L. Dorr's biography, "Susan B. Anthony" (Stokes); this may be supplemented by several other life stories: Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's "Story of a Pioneer" (Harper); Mrs. Harriman's "From Pinafores to Politics" (Holt); and the fine autobiography, "A Woman of Fifty," by Rheta Childe Dorr (Funk & Wagnalls).

E. *K. K., Kane, Pa., asks if the play from which the cinema "The Last Mile" has been made is available in printed form.* "The Last Mile," by John Wexley, is a three-act play published by Samuel French; first act takes place just before an execution in the electric chair, the other two in a prison riot. The preface is by Warden Lawes, and no one can take refuge from its stark despair in the reassuring thought that it couldn't—and doesn't—happen. *M. E. M., Kewanee, Ill., asks for a sex book for High School age neither sentimental in title or text nor inclined to talk down.* "Growing Up," by De Schweinitz (Macmillan), is sound, lucid, and straightforward; its vocabulary is to be especially commended. It would do for even younger children. In Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett's "Who's Obscene?" (Viking) her celebrated pamphlet, "The Sex Side of Life," is reprinted in connection with its report of the book's wide influence and the amazing trial resulting from it. *H. E. G., Englewood, N. J.*, tells *E. A. S., Little Rock, Arkansas,* who asked in a July issue for lists of good books for children in the grades, that as this expression is taken to mean the grades below seventh, eighth, and ninth (considered Junior High School grades) that these three book lists will be found excellent: "Graded Book List for Children," Nora Beust (American Library Association, 1930); "Children's Reading," Terman and Lima (Appleton, 1928); "Winnetka Graded Book List," Washburne and Vogel (American Library Association, 1926). This correspondent, who has used all three extensively, found that in grades 3, 4, 5, and 6 there were eighty-three books on all these lists, and if the inquirer would find the list of eighty-three helpful, she will send it. *H. S., Baltimore, Md., asks for a book recently published on "Camp Nursing."* I must have looked in the wrong places for it, as I must call on readers of this column to find it for me. However, an excellent account of the manifold and highly important outdoor activities of the Frontier Nurses of the Kentucky Mountains has just been published, Ernest Poole's "Nurses on Horseback" (Macmillan), and if anyone thinks all the bravery is performed by the Mounties up North let him read this stirring story. Once in the war my work just touched the edge of that district, and the highest compliment paid one of my lectures I have always considered to be that one of these nurses attended one, riding for the purpose for hours along the dry bed of mountain brooks and through the forest.

A. *W., West Roxbury, Mass., has just read Alfred McCann's "Science of Eating" with such interest that she wishes the names of other and more recent books on the same subject.* There is at least one bright side to the depression; neither men nor women talk about "reducing"—or as it is called in London, "slimming"—all the time. Now it takes us all our time to get calories enough to count, we seem to be spending less energy on counting calories. But the two years before this saw several manuals come to the rescue of impassioned starvers. "Eat, Drink and be Slender," by C. W. Lieb (Day), considered obesity as alimentary, endocrine, and mixed, and told what to do for it if it were the one of these types reachable by diet and exercise. "Eat and be Happy," by Josiah Oldfield (Appleton), pointed out the virtues of moderation. "Eat and Keep Fit," by Lyman F. Kebler (published by the author with an introduction by Dr. Wiley), showed brightly how to keep acidosis and other ills at bay, and Mrs. Luella Axtell's "Grow Thin on Good Food" (Funk & Wagnalls) gave recipes for gradual reducing without discomfort. This year the most important manual is "Nutrition and Physical Fitness," by L. Jean Bogert (Saunders), a medical textbook. McKay has lately published "Simple Vegetarian Cookery," and the housewife who takes up marketing in a serious way and wishes to get the best for her money will find a thoroughgoing discussion of all these details in "Food Purchasing for the Home," by Blinks and Moore, one of the practical home and marketing manuals published by Lippincott.

C. *E. M.*, the Montana librarian who sent word of the six-volume duplicate of the original edition of McGuffey (1857), and whose letter was published in the Guide, has caused the office of Henry Ford some unforeseen correspondence. A letter from C. A. Zahnow there, to one of the librarians who applied for copies, runs:

> Several years ago, Mr. Ford reproduced six volumes of McGuffey Readers for private distribution. It would, of course, be out of the question from the limited number on hand to attempt to furnish complete sets to all libraries upon request. We have no information as to who made the statement which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and this party certainly had no authority to make such a statement on behalf of Mr. Ford.

TWO questions I must hand over to the sleuths of this section. *R. H. D., University of Oregon,* asks for author and title of a book in which all the characters are trees, and I know there is such a one because I have read it and it was worth reading and everything but this has gone clean beyond reach of my memory. Were it not for this tag remembrance I might dodge by giving the act of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" in which the speaking parts are taken by trees.

The other call is from *W. W., University of Missouri,* asking in which poem of the Irish bard Raftery he puts into verse his

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

belief that when he returned to a certain village in Ireland he "jumped into the middle of youth again," a quotation that would come in handy in many a life, could it be recovered.

A *Roman Reader,* writing from Italy, says:

> Your number of July 30 has a request for a good gardener's book; the one you recommended, by Louise Sheldon, is very good, but so are Mrs. Francis King's various books, I owe to one, "The Well-Considered Garden," many a happy garden combination, and also to Mrs. King's "Little Garden" series. No beginner was ever so ignorant as I, and now I have a very pretty garden; I owe it all to various gardening papers, the English weeklies, *Gardening Illustrated* and the more elementary *Popular Gardening,* and the fine Boston *Horticulture.*
>
> It's a far cry from gardens, but I notice you are often asked for books on Italy, and I am glad you recommended Villari's book on the Roman Campagna. I live in the heart of the Campagna and know how excellent it is. Marion Crawford's old book "Ave Roma Immortalis" is still unsurpassed in many ways for giving one an insight into Rome; Tuker and Malleson's "Rome" is not anecdotal nor historical but has the most penetrating chapters of almost any book I know; Montgomery Carmichael's "In Tuscany" is old-fashioned and sentimental but full of charm, and Percy Lubbock's "Roman Pictures" is sheer joy for more sophisticated readers. George Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea" has chapters of such beauty that they are never forgotten; it is about Southern Italy. Hilaire Belloc's "The Path to Rome" (he walked from Lorraine to Rome) is enchanting in its descriptions, although a book one hates or loves extravagantly. Perhaps no books of travel are so thoroughly satisfying as Stendhal's; they are over a century old, but the point of view is more like our own than all the books which came a half century later. His "Promenades dans Rome" and "Rome, Florence, et Naples" are always a fresh delight, and the short story called "L'Abbesse de Castro" is the most passionate tale of fifteenth century Italy I know except "Romeo and Juliet." Susanna Trautwein's "The Lady of Laws" does not seem to have left a mark, but to more than one reader it left an impression of stark beauty, like the clear atmosphere of a Mantegna background to a scene of turbulent life, and going through Bologna a few days ago every detail of it rose clearly before me. J. A. Symonds's chapter on Perugia, in "Studies in Italy," is another fine picture with its pages from the chronicle of Materazzo.

R. A. M., Tulsa, Oklahoma, asks for suggestions on recent literature of the Southwest. The Southwest has just taken the lead in American autobiography. Mary Austin's "Earth Horizon" (Houghton Mifflin) compelled me to read it as nearly at one sitting as the necessity of snatching a little food and sleep would permit, and left me with such a sense of actual participation in the life of America for the years through which it took me that it seemed curious to find myself moved ahead so little on the calendar.

If the reading circle for which the book is to be chosen is reading along historical lines, there is a find in "Pioneer Days in Arizona," by Frank C. Lockwood (Macmillan), which goes from the Spanish occupation to the struggle for statehood in 1912. So much of it is from first-hand sources that it has real flavor. The chapter on newspapers, books, and libraries is a lead for a collector; it includes a story fine for library or bookshop publicity, of how Edward Ayer—who left a two-million-dollar collection of Americana to the Newbery Library at Chicago—had as a soldier in 1862 "never really read a book" until he came upon Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." What it did for him and the devotion with which he regarded it makes the story.

H. S., Detroit, Mich., asks about good recent books on archæology. When they take to writing, certain archæologists seem to share with certain naturalists the chance of being caught up in a sacred frenzy that makes an outsider not only believe what they say but long to live as they do. Of course Charles Leonard Woolley has in "Ur of the Chaldees" (Scribner) a subject with an amazing appeal. I have never seen anything in a glass case so exciting as the first exhibits of the British Museum of the expedition that uncovered the royal slaughter pits of Ur, where one could see by the side of what was left of a king's little lady, her temple crushed beneath its ribboned head-dress by the swift sacrificial hammer, the roll of silver ribbon she had hastily thrust into her pocket when her toilet was interrupted by the call to immortality. The record of Mr. Woolley's seven years of excavation at Ur is bound to be fascinating. But in "Dead Towns and Living Men" (Oxford University Press) made of experiences before those in Ur, there is the same charm, and so there is in his volume of talks taken down for broadcasting, "Digging Up the Past" (Scribner), which like the other book is rich in details of how this digging goes on. In "Magic Spades" (Holt), Ralph Van Deman Magoffin and Emily Cleveland Davis exhibit the processes and result of excavations in Europe, America and Asia, with many pictures of famous finds, and the book holds any reader with the least imagination. So does "Digging in Yucatan," by Anne Axtell Morris (Doubleday, Doran), a book for beginners in which the young wife of the head of the party in charge of excavations at Chichen-Itza shares her experiences in recovering, reconstituting and recording the vast wall-paintings of Mayan temples. These books bring back not the dead but intimations of life. They are by no means all that has been offered to the general reader in the last few seasons, when this reader's chances of an interest in archæology has been so generously recognized by authors and publishers: there is the series "Corridors of Time," published by the Yale University Press, whose sixth volume, "The Way of the Sea," by H. J. E. Peake and H. J. Fleur, brings the record to the period 2600-2100 B. C., and Mr. Peake's own book "Flood" (McBride) in which Mesopotamian legends and evidences concerning the Deluge are assembled, while for field use or the instruction of those intending to enter this field, there is R. G. Collingwood's imposing manual of "Archæology of Roman Britain" (Dial), which naturaly appeals to me, for though the most general readers I take fire at anything authoritative about excavations I have watched on the spot.

S. R. M., Hartford, Conn., asks for books I consider helpful and stimulating in interest for a history-of-art class for high school students. The author of "Art Through the Ages" (Harcourt) has proved her ability to prepare for students of high school or more advanced classes a manual of information and appreciation of high practical value. Now Helen Gardner, assistant professor of history of art in the Art Institute of Chicago, has just added to this good repute a smaller volume on art appreciation, "Understanding the Arts" (Harcourt) that interests me especially because it takes them all in and correlates them with one another and with the age in which we now live. Building the garden, city planning, sculpture, painting, the book, weaving, pottery, are presented in non-technical words and excellent pictures to bring out the principles underlying them all, and while a young person is more likely to call for it, many an older one needs it. A closing chapter on art in every-day life brings together the suggestions scattered through the work. From the reading-lists added to the chapters other helpful books may be readily selected.

N. W. W., Minneapolis, Minn., tells the inquirer regarding bird books about the new "Birds of Minnesota," by Thomas S. Roberts (University of Minnesota Press), which is really a guide to all the birds of the Upper Mississippi Valley; it is in two volumes of more than seven hundred pages each and the many colored plates are unusually fine; 295 species of birds are represented. The price is six dollars for the set and the proceeds of the sale will become a permanent trust fund for the University's Museum of Natural History.

I have seen a good many printed reading-lists, but never did I see one based on a novel published within the same year as its compilation. Yet here is "The Contemplative Life: A Reading List" forming one of the admirable bulletins of the New York Public Library and due to the "demand stimulated and focused by 'The Fountain,' by Charles Morgan" (Knopf). And I know, if my own mail is anything to go by, that this bibliography was compiled to meet a real demand. It lists works on and by Plato, on Platonism (such as the principal character of "The Fountain" was supposed to have been writing), on Neo-Platonism, mysticism, contemplation, poetry, fiction that raises somewhat similar problems (such as Forster's "Passage to India" and Mann's "Magic Mountain") and even books worth reading "in connection with problems of conduct presented by the novel."

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The Golden Ass

APULEIUS: The Golden Ass. Translated by JACK LINDSAY. Illustrated by PERCIVAL GOODMAN. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

PERSONALLY I think that the Limited Editions Club books which are fairly conventional as to size and shape are most satisfactory. Large books really demand a reason for being inherent in the subject—such as plates which need reproduction in large size, or monumental subjects—but almost all of the titles in the series would look better in octavo sizes. It is therefore pleasant to see "The Golden Ass" treated as a book to be read, and in this respect it succeeds unusually well.

For the text the printers, the Harbor Press, have resurrected, of all types, that Della Robbia face which Mr. Cleland designed many years ago. I doubt if it has been used in any form for a long time, and certainly no book has been printed in it for years. It comes almost as a novelty. But it is a remarkably readable letter, somewhat anticipatory in monotony of line and partial suppression of serifs of the sans-serif alphabets of today, and in mass it composes well on the page.

The pictures, by a little known designer, are reminiscent—of cave-man scratchings. I am reminded by their anatomical peculiarities, of Charles Lamb's friend who killed his wife because she had fat ankles. But the pictures are no stranger than the tale itself, and I must confess to a liking for them in all their uncouthness, partly, perhaps, because they are simple line drawings in harmony with the type.

The binding is in smooth leather, and the publisher has gone as far as he could to harmonize the binding and the story, since he has used the skin of a donkey colt! This sounds fantastic and absurd, but the result is a very pleasant binding to feel of, and entirely satisfactory in every way. The volume as a whole is unusual, but at the same time not bizarre; a good job of book-making. R.

Equinox Press

NOW THAT THE GODS ARE DEAD. By LLEWELYN POWYS. Illustrated by LYND WARD. New York: Equinox Press. 1932. 400 copies. $5.

THE Equinox Press, as Mr. Benét pointed out in his *Phœnix Nest* in the November 5th issue of this journal, is a cöoperative effort by seven men and women active in New York printing and publishing. I understand that they set, illustrate, print, and bind the book themselves, thus returning in a small but wholesome way to the simpler guild idea of manufacture. The first issue from this group is before me. It is a thin, tall octavo volume, bound in variegated blue cloth with gold stamping.

The text of the volume is set in Goudy's "Italian Old Style," widely leaded, and with two-line initials. Margins, type-setting, and printing are carefully and attractively done, but the eccentricities of title-page, colophon, and end papers, with their excessive use of brass rule, are not quite understandable.

The wood blocks by Lynd Ward are, like the initials, printed in a low tone of green. They are symbolic, intricate patterns in white on black. thrown in, it almost seems, for good measure, since the book is neither helped nor harmed by them. They are in Mr. Ward's usual exuberant style, but, I am glad to say, with a diminishing amount of Teutonic archaism.

The text of the book is an essay by Mr. Powys which will appear in no other form. It is of a tenor a bit difficult to reconcile with the entry in "Who's Who," "Mem. Ch. of England," but it is a good and stimulating defence of paganism—the new paganism which teaches a new individualism without cruelty.

What I like about the book is twofold: it prints something new and quite worth while as writing; and it has been put together as a book by a group of men and women freely cöoperating to do something they wanted to do. Bookmaking has reached almost a stalemate in the matter of technique, and certainly one interesting way out is a new attitude toward the designing, printing, and issuing of books. The difference between this Equinox group and the ordinary "committee" is that the Equinoxers are creative workers interested in their job! R.

Garlands for Alice

CATALOGUE OF AN EXHIBITION TO COMMEMORATE THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF LEWIS CARROLL. New York: Columbia University Press. 1932. 35 cents.

THE HARCOURT AMORY COLLECTION OF LEWIS CARROLL IN THE HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY. Compiled by Flora V. Livingston. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1932. Privately printed in an edition of sixty-five copies.

THE high cost of bibliographies in general—a cost inexorably postulated by the time and pains involved in their preparation and by the restricted market for the product —need deter no enthusiast from owning a copy of the catalogue of the Lewis Carroll exhibition conducted this spring at Columbia University and graced by the presence of the original Alice herself. Catalogue and bibliography are hardly synonymous terms, but a comprehensive catalogue is infinitely more desirable and useful than a not-quite-adequate bibliography. And when, thanks to the courtesy of Carroll collectors far and wide, an exhibition attains the inclusiveness that was reached at Columbia, the catalogue listing its marvels and its minutiæ becomes an essential addition to the most ample as well as to the most meagre group of reference manuals.

To the thoroughgoing Carrollian, Mrs. Livingston's more detailed survey of the Amory collection is no less an essential. No bibliographic task is likely to appall one who charted the vast tract of print that embraces the published writings of Rudyard Kipling—a veritable jungle of books, a territory that well nigh covers the earth, from Allahabad to Edinburgh, from Santiago de Chile to Medicine Hat. The utility of the present admirable conspectus is augmented by the inclusion, for completeness' sake, of certain items available at Harvard which were not in the Amory collection.

The name of Harcourt Amory must rank high in any symposium of the impulses that make a book collector. One surmises that Lewis Carroll, had he lived to achieve his own centennial, would have been desperately annoyed at the ubiquity of his admirers and the multiplicity of his collectors. But assuredly he would have been touched at the incident that made Mr. Amory one of the most notable members of the latter company. For Mr. Amory, planning to equip a toy theatre for his children, wrote a play based on "Alice" and then set about carving the *dramatis personæ* out of pine blocks with an ordinary penknife. In order that he might use the Tenniel drawings as blueprints, he bought a first "Alice." "The play never came off, for the mechanical complications increased more and more," he told the Club of Odd Volumes in 1917, eight years before his death, "and my energies were transferred to searching for bibliographical rarities strictly limited to one subject." With what surpassing success the search was prosecuted is abundantly attested in Mrs. Livingston's monograph. The illustrations include half-tones of twelve of the models cut and colored by Mr. Amory which prove that, regardless of the stillbirth of the play, the actors at all events emerged into a triumphant reality.

J. T. W.

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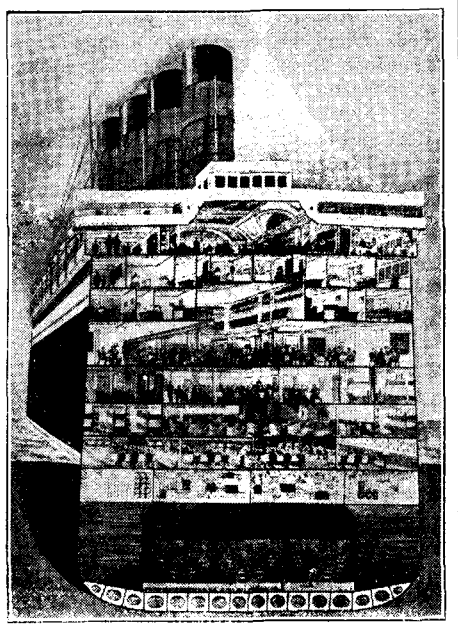
Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS has received his annual letter from the much admired Berry Brothers, wine merchants of St. James's Street, London. Messrs. Berry write more hopefully this year. "It is with happy expectations of the future, although somewhat bedimmed by the anxiety of not knowing when and what changes are to be made, that we send you once more our periodical greetings."

One of the few things Old Quercus ever seriously thought of collecting is pictures of ships cut in half—either longitudinally or athwart. There's a grand cross-section



OLD QUERCUS'S BOOKPLATE

of the *Aquitania* in *The Romance of a Modern Liner* by her commander, Captain E. G. Diggle, lately published by the Oxford Press. Perhaps because of its symbolic value as a fable of human life the pensive old Dane thinks what a grand book-plate this picture would make.

Somewhere near Columbus Circle I saw a sign which I can't get out of my head. It advertised some sort of insect exterminator, and showed a picture of a child and a dog. *"Be's you got bugs? Sure I are —everybody do."* I wake up at night murmuring to myself—*"Be's you got bugs?..."* But perhaps it's not very good advertising, because the name of the chemical itself made no impression on me.

Observed a little item in the New York *Herald Tribune* that "the department stores of New York City are loath to hire college women for their book departments, on the grounds that they have a literary taste of their own and are inclined to sell only those books in which they are interested." This is a genuine problem for the merchant, and there is much to be said on both sides. The clerk who attempts to force his or her own enthusiasms on the customer, or to high hat the harmless lowbrow, can be a great nuisance. When Jocunda Vassar worked in our own shop we had to make her take an oath to stop trying to sell Maeterlinck to everyone who came in.

Alexander Johnson writes most kindly from "Twa Lums" (and Scots know what that means) at Croton-on-Hudson. He was pleased to hear of Barkis Willing & Co., and says that many years ago he found, in Bishopsgate Street, London, the firm of Latimer & Ridley—but not fire insurance agents. And Mr. Arthur Glasner, secretary to the Dickens Fellowship, reminds Dickensians that the meetings are held at the National Arts Club on third Fridays at 8:15. "At the close of the meetings we have a brimming bowl of punch —prohibition strength."

Timid Old Quercus sees a good many advertisements here and there addressed to collectors of "Esoterica, Erotica, Sexualia, Facetiæ, Curiosa."

When good, sturdy old Ike Mendoza of 15 Ann Street, the dean of downtown booksellers, was offered a copy of a famous classic of lubricity — an Editio Princeps, in prime backhouse state—he uttered a resounding negative.

"I like a good laugh as well as the next man," he said, "but Mendoza's is a family business and I've raised my boys as gentlemen. I'm not much interested in erotica."

Old Quercus is inclined to agree with Mr. Mendoza. The *Saturday Review* speaks with complete frankness on all topics, but has never encouraged the commercial traffic in scurvy writing. Old Quercus began to write a madrigal:—

Erotica *can weary me,*
I side with Ike Mendoza—
I'm fed up with facetiæ,
And tired of curiosa.

James Tregaskis & Son, at the famous Caxton Head bookshop, 66 Great Russell Street, London, have issued a remarkable catalogue called *Dreams and Adventures*, being books which stimulated Coleridge's imagination. Probably it was Professor J. L. Lowes's *Road to Xanadu* which suggested this odd exploit of cataloguing; but the particular item that caught our eye relates to William Bligh's *Narrative of the Mutiny on Board HMS Bounty* (1790).—Now that a retelling of the story of the *Bounty* is being widely read, it is interesting to remember that Coleridge took some suggestions for his guilty Ancient Mariner from the story of Christian the mutineer.

Alfred Harcourt is mightily pleased with the witty dedication in Clifford Dobell's *Antony Van Leeuwenhoek and His "Little Animals,"* which goes like this:

FRATRI CARISSIMO
D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON
SCOTO
HAEC ACTA MORTVI BATAVI
D.D.D.
EDITOR ANGLVS
Animalcvlvm ELEPHANTI
NECNON
FRATERCVLO AEQVE CARO
NOTHOQVE
PAUL de KRUIF
AMERICANO
Animalcvlvm Animalcvlo

It should be explained that Leeuwenhoek spoke of bacteria as *animalcula*. So the inscription would construe somewhat like this: "To his very dear colleague D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson the Scot, these works of the deceased Dutchman were given by the editor, an Englishman, as a little animal to an Elephant—and also to his little colleague, equally dear and hybrid, Paul de Kruif the American, as a little animal to a little animal."

Stuyvesant Van Veen, whose studio is at 39 West 67, has the excellent idea of starting a class in Painting and Drawing for writers. He says:

> There can be no doubt that drawing and painting yield an entirely new vocabulary of sensations formerly dormant in the individual, sensations tremendously valuable and important to the writer. It has been of great value to many writers to have had the experience of line, form, color, space, and design to draw on in expression. I can name men from practically all schools of writing who have profited: Butler and Thackeray, D. H. Lawrence, W. Somerset Maugham, John Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings, and John Cowper Powys —and others. In the work of all these one finds an enhancement born of visual rather than purely auditory or dramatic experience.

Smith & Haas have made an exceptionally beautiful book of Hudson Strode's *The Story of Bermuda* ($5). Mr. Strode writes delightfully; and the photographs are superb. But what specially excites the Mermaids is the white shimmery binding. It is the first book to be encased in a new washable finish called *Pearlescence*. "The material," say Messrs. Smith & Haas, "is similar to that which gives genuine pearls their opalescent sheen. It is produced from the scales of certain species of fish."

Thanks to this Mother-in-law-of-Pearl, *The Story of Bermuda* is one of the few books you can read safely in the bathtub.

Books that have interested Old Quercus lately, and of which much might still be said:—

Hemingway: *Death in the Afternoon*, which describes one of humanity's attempts to make Death play the game according to rules.

Burton Rascoe: *Titans of Literature*, a vivid condensation under a strong burning-glass.

Gertrude Aretz: *The Elegant Woman*, a frolicsome history of feminine freakishness.

Books of the future about which we hear interesting rumor: —

Klein' Mann Was Nun? (Simon & Shuster)
Sunset Song (Century)
British Agent (Putnam)
and *The Snows of Helicon* (lovely title), H. M. Tomlinson's new novel.

UNACCOMPLISHED INTENTIONS: We meant to write to Mr. Robert Ballou to congratulate him on his plans for starting his own publishing business, and say something about Where the Ballou Begins.

We meant to write to the Encyclopaedia Britannica to warn them that librarians don't like the fact that Vol. XIII is lettered JERE to LIBE.

We meant to find out why the Tonsil Hospital on East 62nd Street has a bust of Louis XIV in the back yard, and what happens at the Anthroposophical Society on Central Park South.

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LARGE, BLACK CAT. Member of a University. Dotes on poetry of passion. Quotes Sappho and Petronius. How he is saved from degenerating into a thoroughly dull and pious animal is told in Anna Gordon Keown's romance, "The Cat Who Saw God," a novel which Chris Morley says "crackles with sparks like a catskin." P.S. of William Morrow, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y., though ordinarily scorning to bet on a certainty, makes this offer (so sure is she that *Saturday Review* readers will share her glee over The Cat): to the first 50 people who ask her, she'll send copies of the book, postpaid. Those who like it and want to own it, send her $2.50 within ten days. Those not liking the book, return it, collect, and no questions asked.

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ANOTHER FAIR SAMPLE FOR THOSE WHO LIKE

ADVENTURE!

(from page 73-4 of "A YANKEE ROVER")

After supper we sat down in the library to cards, two tables of four, Ashley, Blake, Troup and Duane at one, Beaufain, Middleton, Ravenel and I at the other. Poker was the game. At our table the stakes were moderate, probably out of politeness to me, I being known as a moderate man. But at the other they were evidently running high. At both there was a good deal of wine drunk and the party was rather hilarious.

We had played an hour or so when a new man came in, Nicholas Pringle, another young Charlestonian of sporting tastes. I had felt that I was holding back my companions in their scale of play. As I was about even with the game, I could withdraw without loss to me or offense to the others, so I pleaded a headache and insisted on Pringle's taking my place. I left the room for a few minutes, then came back and looked on at Duane's table.

The players there were all more than well flushed with wine and excited by the size of the stakes. Troup and Ashley were especially in liquor and especially reckless in their play It was plain that both had lost heavily to Blake and Duane. Troup was cursing his luck. What with his general condition and the wine he'd drunk, he was in a sad state.

While I was watching, the deal came to Duane. When the hands were scanned, Blake dropped out, Troup bet fifty dollars, Ashley threw his hand down disgustedly and turned to a table beside him for a glass of wine. Duane saw Troup's bet and raised it a hundred. Troup came back at him with a raise and so they had it, back and forth, until there must have been nearly a thousand up between them. Then Duane called. Troup threw down on the table three aces and two kings and leaned forward eagerly to see Duane's hand. It was four tens.

Holding on to the table with both hands, Troup lurched to his feet, leaned forward and yelled, "You God damn Yankee swin'ler! You stocked 'ose cards! You're a cheat an scoun-'rel!" With that he snatched the glass Ashley was holding and threw the remains of the wine at Duane's face. . .

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—*New York Times Book Review.*

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"A fascinating continuation of Mr. Ward's first book. Not only adventure of the bravest sort: it is also history told in the most intriguing manner."—*Detroit News.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE are glad to note that among their January publications Longmans, Green are reviving three mystery stories by *Marie Belloc Lowndes*, "The Lodger," "What Really Happened," and "The Story of Ivy." If there is one of them you have not read, get it. Two-fifty a toss, but worth it! "The Lodger" has sold more than a million copies all over the world. It is one of the very best horror-atmosphere stories we have ever read. If you are a talking-picture goer you will have seen Mrs. Lowndes's "Letty Lynton"; but the ignoramuses of the pictures, taking her up at this late date, have for years overlooked her best work—in fact never knew her novels were in existence. She is a masterhand at suspense. . . .

Longmans are also putting forth the famous historical romances of *Stanley J. Weyman* at two-fifty each, including "Under the Red Robe," "A Gentleman of France," and "Count Hannibal," and if youngsters are anything like what we were at that age we can imagine no more joyous present to schoolboy or schoolgirl than some of Weyman's romantic swashbucklery. Of course, young people may have changed vastly since our time, but we don't believe they really have. . . .

The only woman selected as an Academician of the newly formed Irish Academy of Letters is Miss *Edith Oenone Somerville,* known to readers as E. Œ. Somerville, famous not only in her own right but also as collaborator with *Martin Ross* on the popular Somerville and Ross stories. Houghton Mifflin have just published Miss Somerville's latest book, "An Incorruptible Irishman." We are not, alas, of the fortunate few who are such devotees of the Somerville and Ross "Irish R. M." stories, never, in our weird way, having got round to reading them, but their supporters and eulogists form a sturdy clan. Years ago we remember *Charles G. Norris's* enthusiasm concerning these books. They possess a high and peculiar place in contemporary literature. . . .

We were one of the rooters for "1066 and All That" by *W. C. Sellar* and *R. J. Yeatman,* though we distinctly remember that we couldn't persuade two lady friends of ours that there was anything funny in the book. Now the co-authors have committed a sequel for E. P. Dutton, a dangerous thing to do, called "And Now All This." Several portions of this book have appeared in *Punch* and two in *The Daily Mail.* The following Erratum is noted: "Chap I. *For* Ginger beard *eat* Gingerbread *throughout.*" The humor *throughout* is distinctly British—and why not? It is also all very silly, but it's the kind of book you can nibble on occasionally with satisfaction. For you are likely to bite on something good like this:

PSYCHO-LULLABYE
Hushabye Babies
(*Hush quite a lot*)—
Bad Babies get Rabies
(And have to be shot).
So suck your right fingers,
And dream the right dreams,
(*And don't you wake up with Psymbolical Pscreams!*)

Also, on page 91 we call your attention to the Myth Reconstruction of Professor John Reynolds. This little book covers an awful lot of ground rather awfully. The chapter on "Myth-Information" alone, etc., etc. . . .

Gilbert Gabriel has been turning his swell historical novel, "I, James Lewis" into an operetta soon to be produced in New York. His collaborator has been *Jay Gorney* who produced that song-hit of the season, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? . . .

Henry Hart of Charles Scribner's Sons informs us that within the last year American collectors have become interested in the adventure story, and that first editions of thrillers, "bloods," out and out adventure stories, and a few mysteries have acquired value for the first time. So the Scribner book store has issued a catalogue of 208 items, ranging in price from a dollar and a half to nearly two hundred bucks. We notice that one of our boyhood's favorites, "The Firm of Girdlestone," by *A. Conan Doyle,* is priced in first edition, original red decorated cloth uncut, London, Chatto & Windus, at forty dollars. Whee! *Robert W. Chambers's* "The King in Yellow," one of the rare weird masterpieces of the world is only twenty dollars. And that's for "First Edition, first and second issues, original cloth, gilt tops, uncut, together, 2 vols, Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely 1895." A great book is "Dracula," but it only brings ten bucks in a superb first. A swell book is *E. J. Trelawny's* "The Adventures of a Younger Son," and here the contemporary half-calf edition of 1831 in three volumes is priced in a first at one hundred and fifty dollars. It was first published anonymously. "Tre" will be remembered as the great friend of *Shelley* and *Byron.* . . .

Altogether a fascinating kind of catalogue. In it we renew our youth, particularly when we happen on a page listing *Cutcliffe Hyne's* "The Adventures of Captain Kettle," "Captain Kettle, K. C. B.," and "Further Adventures of Captain Kettle," and by golly, in more flush times we would be tempted to try for those books, for the three of them may be procured for less than twenty-five dollars in the original red cloth with the original *Stanley L. Wood* illustrations; and we well recall what thrills they gave our youth! . . .

We are glad to print the following poem by *Sylvia Meech:*

VERMILION

You are bright laughter
Made to shatter darkness;
Made to dye in loveliness
The pallid smoothness
Of a woman's lip.
You it is who drip
Your color on the Autumn leaves
And gaily weave
A spell around the trees . . .
You are the color of glad hearts,
And you adorn the wheels of children's carts.
Sometimes you ride in state on ladies' hats
Or men's cravats.
You are a ribbon round a box of sweets;
A gaudy poster in the streets;
A flame
That plays a dancing game
With shadows . . .
Vermilion!

Willa Cather's "Shadows on the Rock" is the first choice of an American book by the Prix Femina for translation into French. Madame *Jeanne Dauban,* perpetual secretary to the American selection committee and correspondent of the French committee, announces that a reciprocal arrangement has been made by which a French book will be chosen annually for publication in translation in the United States. Harcourt, Brace will be the publisher. The American committee recommend three American books to the French committee for a final choice and vice versa.

The other night we began to compile a list of preferences, and maybe you'd be interested to know what some of them were. Here are a few:

Best Dramatic Actor in America: *Paul Muni* (And *everybody* go to see him in the talkie, "I Am a Fugitive"—the most superb picture we have seen this year!) Best Actor of Comedy: *Leslie Howard;* Favorite Actress: *Lora Baxter;* the Forain of our time, though not in draughtsmanship: *Wortman,* of the *World-Telegram;* A Comic Genius of Picture and Word, *James Thurber* of *The New Yorker;* Our Greatest Comic Intelligence, *Robert Benchley;* The World's Most Brilliant Younger Poet, *Roy Campbell* of South Africa; The Least Appreciated American Writer of Beautiful Prose, *Robert Nathan* of New York; A Man We Should Have Liked as President of the United States, *Newton D. Baker;* Our Favorite Uptown Speakeasy, *Mino's;* Our Favorite Downtown Speakeasy, *Leo's;* Our Favorite After-the-Theatre Speakeasy, *Tony's;* Our Favorite Beer Place, *The German-American Athletic Club;* Our Favorite Walk, *Around Gramercy Park;* Our Favorite Woman Poet of All Time, *Elinor Wylie;* Our Favorite Dish, *Lobster Thermidor;* Our Favorite Comic Strip Character, *"Benny";* Our Favorite Fantastic Philosopher, *Don Marquis;* Our Favorite Place to Write, *The MacDowell Colony, Peterboro, New Hampshire;* Our Favorite Recreation, *Swimming or Sleeping;* Our Two Favorite Plays, *"Berkeley Square"* and *"The Barretts of Wimpole Street,"* Our Favorite Draughtsman, *Ourself;* Our Favorite Color, *Blue.* . . . And *that* will be about all!

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